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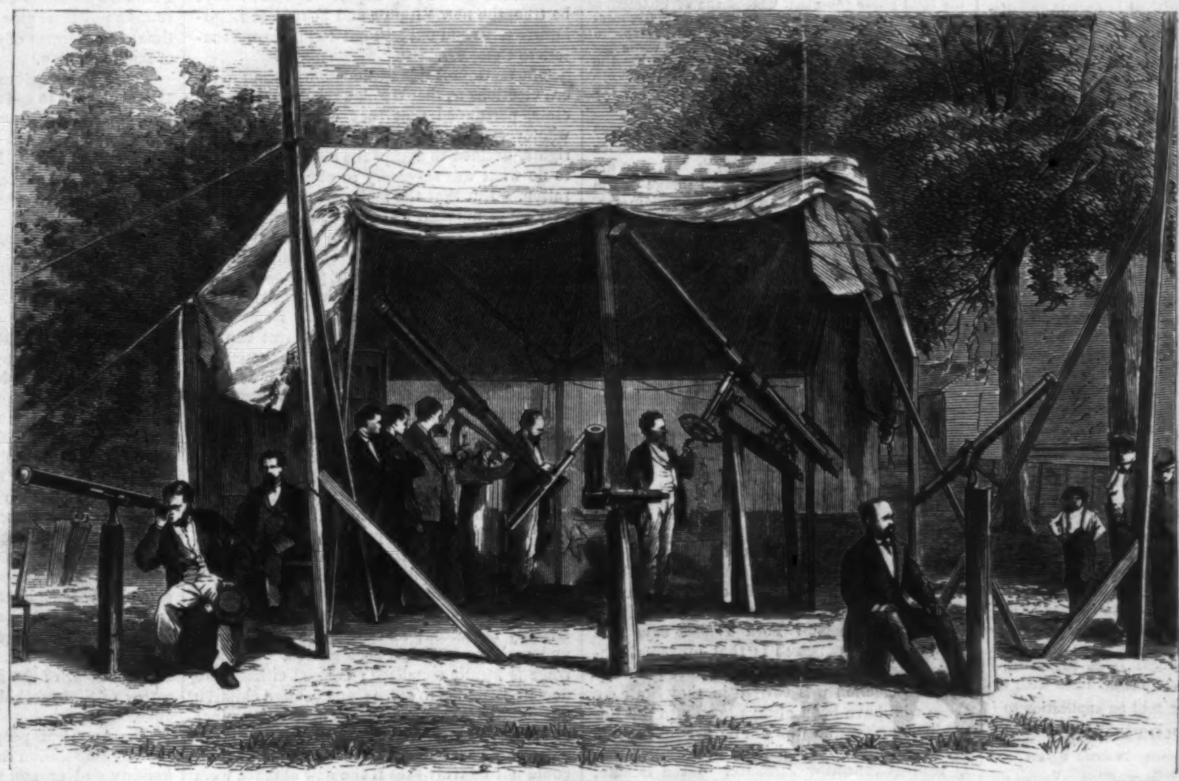
SOLAR ECLIPSE, 1869.



THE SOLAR ECLIPSE, AUGUST 7, 1869—HARVARD ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION MAKING OBSERVATIONS AT SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY.
[Photographed by J. A. Whipple.]

Total eclipses of the sun are very rare. **Halley** computed in 1715 that up to that date not one had occurred in London for a period of 575 years. And since that date London has not been favored with this singular phenomenon. In this country since 1834 no total eclipse of the sun, until the recent one, has occurred, and there will not be another during this century.

The total eclipse of this year was visible along a track about 140 miles wide, and more than 6600 miles long. When this track is laid down on a map, throughout its whole extent, it looks like a narrow ribbon, stretching across North America and a portion of Asia. It begins in Siberia, where it takes a northeasterly course, till it crosses a little south of Bering Straits, after which it turns its course southeasterly, traversing portions of the Territory of Alaska, thence into British America, and through Montana, Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. It ends in the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of the last mentioned State. On the central line of this track the total obscuration of the sun lasted for a period of from two and one-half to nearly four minutes.

To various points along the line of total eclipse scientific parties went to make observations—some sent by the Government, and some by private enterprises. But the principal point to which the attention of these parties was directed was the corona, observed in previous eclipses, and about which there is much curiosity among astronomers. We now know that the sun is surrounded by an atmosphere of flaming gas, which is the principal source of the light he sends us. This incandescent atmosphere is called by astronomers the sun's photosphere. During a total eclipse of the sun, his whole sphere, including the photosphere, is covered and hid from view by the interposed body of the moon. Nevertheless, at the very crisis of the central eclipse, there is seen a brilliant white corona or halo around the moon's dark body, like that which painters place around the heads of saints. In this corona, moreover, are frequently seen red or rose-colored projections, of irregular form and position, around the disk. The explanation usually given of the white corona is, that it betokens a transparent, non-luminous atmosphere, extending beyond the photosphere or luminous atmosphere, analogous to our own atmosphere. The white light of the corona is accounted for by the reflection of that of the photosphere, very much as our own evening and morning twilight is produced by the reflection of the solar rays in our atmosphere. The irregular red masses seen projected into the white corona may prove to be immense volumes of thin cloudy smoke, or solid vaporous particles precipitated from the hot gaseous atmosphere which forms the corona.

Another question to be settled, if possible, was whether there is a planet between Mercury and the sun, as **Le Verrier** supposed there was, on account of extraordinary perturbations of Mercury not otherwise explained.

The corona, or luminous ring around the moon in a total eclipse, was observed at Montpellier, in France, 1706, and at London, by **Halley**, in 1715. In the latter case the red protuberances were also observed. In 1724, **Maraldi** observed, for the first time, that the luminous corona was not concentric with the moon. At the beginning of the eclipse it appeared larger on the eastern than on the western side; at the end, on the contrary, it was larger on the west than on the east. The northern border was also somewhat larger than the opposite. The importance of these observations was that they proved the corona to be concentric with the sun instead of with the moon; that it is a phenomenon closely connected with the sun's physical constitution. Important additions were made to these observations during the total eclipses of 1778, 1806, and particularly in 1842. On the 8th of July in the latter year, **Arago** and other astronomers observed the luminous corona in all its splendor. The distinguished French astrono-

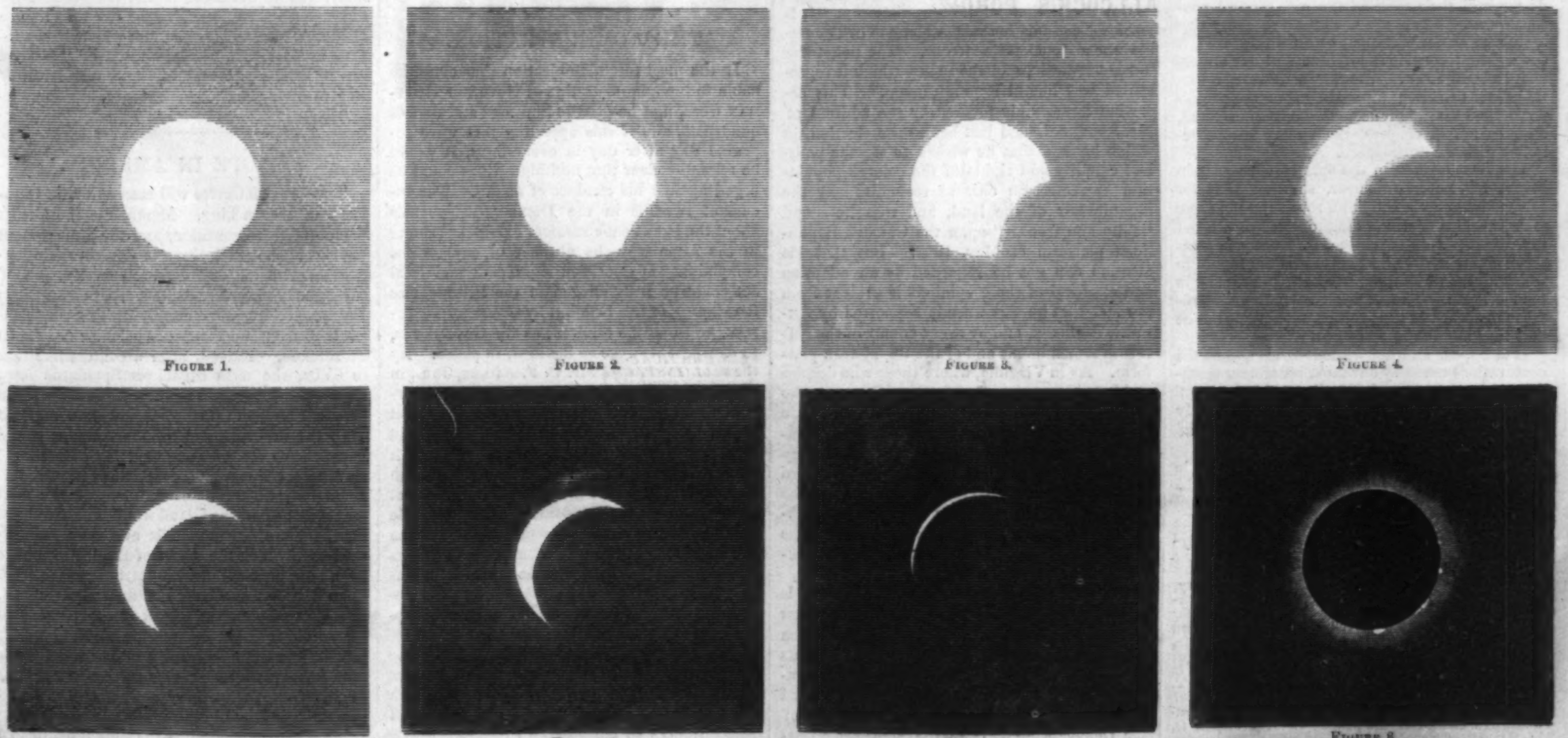


Figure 1. Figure 2. Figure 3. Figure 4.

Figure 5. Figure 6. Figure 7. Figure 8.

SOLAR ECLIPSE, AUGUST 7, 1869—PHASES OF THE ECLIPSE, AS SEEN AT SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE POINT OF TOTALITY.
[Photographed by J. A. Whipple.]

mer describes it as composed first of a circular zone contiguous to the dark border of the moon, and of a second fainter zone contiguous to the first. The light of the second zone continually diminished from its interior to its exterior limit. That of the first was nearly uniform throughout. In the direction of the line which joined the points of the solar disk where the eclipse would begin and end, there were two large wings, which might be considered as expansions of the second luminous corona. The sides of these wings were terminated by curves that were concave outward, and which seemed to be parabolas, whose vertices would be tangent to the moon's disk. Arago saw this corona both with his telescope and with his naked eye.

Next to the corona, the phenomena demanding particular attention are the prominences, protuberances, flames, or red projections, which are usually seen in the lower portion of the white ring, near the edge of the moon. These curious appearances were particularly studied by the English and other astronomers who went to the coasts of Sweden and Norway to observe them in 1851. Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal of England, observed the protuberances on the western side of the sun to increase, while those on the eastern side diminished in extent and disappeared before the end of the total phase. Just before the western limb of the sun reappeared he saw a long series of small protuberances of a very red color, touching the edge of the moon, and embracing an arc of its circumference thirty degrees in extent. They are generally of a red or rose tint, and are sometimes large enough to be visible by the naked eye.

The eminent English astronomers who so carefully observed in Sweden the great eclipse of July 28, 1851, and Professor Bond, of Harvard University, saw the wonderful corona, and also the red prominences or flames upon different points of the moon's disk. During the memorable eclipse in India last August, which was total for nearly seven minutes, the numerous French, German, and English astronomical observers attracted thither observed these prominences with great care, by the aid of the spectroscope, and came to the conclusion that these phenomena were due to the presence of an incandescent or highly heated hydrogen gas surrounding the sun's disk, and extending outward apparently a distance of 50,000 or 60,000 miles.

An article in the August Number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, written by J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., contains some important results hitherto reached as regards the physical constitution of the sun. The spectroscope has thrown light upon the spots of the sun. This is an instrument whose special function it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different bodies gives us spectra of different kinds, according to the nature of the radiating body—continuous spectra, such as we see in a rainbow, without bright lines, in the case of *solids and liquids;* and bright lines with or without continuous spectra in the case of *gases and vapors.* It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is *general*, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is selective. The Fraunhofer lines in the sun's spectrum furnish an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

The observations made in 1866 showed that there was abundant evidence of absorption in the sun's spots, and no indication of gaseous radiation. The light which came from the spots was like all the rest, but it was dimmed, as the sun's light is dimmed in a fog. This seems to prove that the solar spots are dark because the solar light is absorbed—stopped—by a cool, non-luminous, absorbing atmosphere pouring down on the sun's photosphere.

The spectroscope has also in some measure determined the nature of the rose-colored protuberances. These are not observed every day by means of the telescope, because they are put out by the tremendous brightness of our atmosphere near the sun. There is, as it were, a battle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by this atmosphere, and, except in eclipses, the victory always remains with the atmosphere.

The lines as seen in the spectroscope vary in height but never disappear, showing that for some 5000 miles in height all round the sun there is an envelope of which the prominences are but the waves. This envelope Mr. Lockyer calls the "chromosphere," because it is the region in which all the variously-colored effects are seen in total eclipses. The decision from the spectroscope in regard to the protuberances seems to be that they are due to hydrogen.

It is hoped, and not without reason, that the observations made by our most prominent scientific men during the late eclipse will prove of great value in perfecting the knowledge already gained concerning the physical constitution of the sun.

Our illustrations are from observations made at Shelbyville, Kentucky. The photographs were taken by J. A. Whipple, of Boston.

The *Courier Journal* of Louisville contains the following account of the observations at Shelbyville:

> The observations here to-day were very satisfactory, and in many respects gratifying. The following persons comprised the Joint Board of Observation for Shelbyville: Professor Joseph Winlock, of Harvard University, in charge of observations of phenomena, assisted by Alvan G. Clark, Professor of Cambridge; Assistant George W. Dean, of the Coast Survey, in charge of observations of precision, assisted by T. Blake, Jun., of the Coast Survey; J. A. Whipple, of Boston, assisted by George Clark and J. Pendergast, had charge of the photographs; Professor G. M. Searle, of New York, devoted himself to observations of general phenomena, and during the total phase was to search for inter-mercurial planets. Sub-Assistant T. H. Agnew also devoted himself to observations of general phenomena, and had charge of the Observatory arrangements, being assisted by R. E. Sharrod, of Louisville. The meteorological observations were made by Professor Seymour, of Louisville, and Robert Lewis, of Shelbyville. Among the amateurs present was Mr. Bowditch, of Boston, son of the celebrated astronomer.
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> One of the most important discoveries made by Professor Winlock, at the spectroscope, was eleven bright lines in the spectrum of the protuberances of the sun, only five having heretofore been determined. The Professor also observed a shower of meteors between the earth and moon. The party are jubilant over the success. Photographs of the sun were taken at different times during the partial obscuration. The beautiful red flames, or solar protuberances, were visible to the naked eye. "Bally's Beads," as well as the dark and dismal shadows of the moon, sailing away through the air, were noted by a party of amateurs stationed on the top of Shelby College. The sky was perfectly clear, and every thing seemed to propitiate the success of the observations. There were ten or twelve mounted instruments in use on the occasion, the principal one of which was the Shelbyville College telescope, which was handled by Professor Winlock, assisted by Alvan G. Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This is a fine instrument, costing $4000. It once ranked third in the United States. Arcturus, Vega, Venus, and Mercury were visible to the naked eye during the total phase. Mr. Searle, whose duty it was to search for inter-mercurial planets, did not succeed in finding any, reporting nothing fainter than Regulus near the sun. When the sunlight commenced to become dim a large number of citizens rushed to the College grounds, the head-quarters of the observers. Some minutes before the total phase the usual phenomena of distraction among birds of the air and cattle occurred. Six minutes before totality a deathly ashen hue overspread the countenances of all present, and for a while the faint-hearted were terrified. The scene during the totality was an awful one, and when the sunlight appeared again a shout of exultation went up from the great crowd in the College grounds.

The telescope used for photographing was one from Cambridge. The glass was 6 inches diameter with 7½ feet focal length. It was arranged for photography, giving an image of the sun about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The exposure during totality was for 40 seconds. Professor Winlock devised a plan by which the same motion that exposed the plate to the sun's rays made an electrical connection with a chronograph; and thus the exact instant was recorded.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 28, 1869.

THE SOUTHERN POLITICAL SITUATION.

It is very important to estimate correctly the political condition of the Southern States; and the late elections in Virginia and Tennessee show at least one fact upon which all will agree. It is that those who are not Republicans control the balance of power. Upon all other points there is no agreement of opinion whatever. The New York *Tribune* says that the lesson in Tennessee is that universal amnesty must be conceded. But it does not deny that the election was carried in that State by those who have been always hostile to the Republican party, and who are not friendly to the Administration. An election which apparently returns Andrew Johnson to the Senate, whether it secure amnesty or not, is as decisive a defeat of Republicanism as the election of Mr. Packer would be in Pennsylvania. The talk about "old Whigs" is meaningless. The most hopeless "hunkers" are old Whigs. Meanwhile the *World* says that, although Walker and Senter were elected as "Conservative Republicans," yet that "Democrats supported, elected, and will advise them;" and, in fact, the *World* hails the result as an old-fashioned Democratic victory, such as the election of Vallandigham as Governor of Ohio would be, or of Wade Hampton or James M. Mason or Jefferson Davis as United States Senators.

But the Richmond *Whig* retorts that "it is nonsense to suppose that the election in Tennessee was a Democratic victory. The ticket was not Democratic, and the policy which it represented was liberal Republicanism." This assertion is certainly favored by the address of Mr. Senter, issued just before the election, in which he said that he wished to see the political equality and rights of the colored population as American citizens recognized by the organic law of the land, and that he stood "fully and frankly" upon the Chicago Republican platform of May, 1868: But that his election can not be regarded as an adoption and approval of these opinions is evident from the fact that he was warmly supported by Andrew Johnson, and by every enemy of the Fifteenth Amendment and of the Republican platform. As in Virginia, where those who despise and hate the negro voted for Mr. Walker, who favors their political equality, so in Tennessee they voted for Mr. Senter, who declares himself their friend. In the general uncertainty the Savannah *Republican* advises the Southern States to avoid the Bourbon stupidity of the Northern Democrats, while a Virginia Republican writes to the *Tribune* that the result of the election foreshows the extinction of Republicanism in that State.

It is plain, therefore, that the situation is complicated. Republican Governors have been elected, and Republican principles have been apparently sustained by the bitter opponents of the Republican party, allied with some undoubted Republicans. The explanation offered by the New York *Times* is, that the majority of the Democratic voters in the Southern States have renounced the old Democratic party without entering the Republican lines, and are seeking "new non-partisan" alliances in the hope of forming a new political organization. It is a combination, the *Times* thinks, which "stands squarely upon a Republican foundation," and which should be kindly regarded by Northern Republicans. But however desirable and promising such a situation might be, the *Times* fails to produce the least proof of its existence. Democrats did undoubtedly vote for Mr. Walker and Mr. Senter; but in so doing they voted for their own enfranchisement, with a tolerable certainty of obtaining at the same time the political control of their States. Such a vote was merely the bluntest horn of the dilemma. A majority of such Democrats, neither in Virginia nor in Tennessee, advocated the Republican doctrines of the candidates for whom they voted. They merely denounced tyranny and demanded enfranchisement. As one of them wrote to the *World*, they were compelled "to swallow the black dose of negro suffrage" as the condition of obtaining their own. When the *Times* asserts that "in respect of principle this new born alliance is identical with the out and out Republican party," it is certainly looking at events through its rosy hopes. If what it says be true, the new Virginia and Tennessee Legislatures will send out and out Republican Senators to Congress.

The more probable explanation of the Southern elections is, that the late rebels and Democrats, persuaded that they could do nothing whatever until they were restored to political rights, decided to accept the situation so far as to do what was necessary to obtain that restoration. But that the majority of them, or any very large number, have relinquished their old convictions and animosities, or would refuse to combine again with their old allies in the Northern States, upon a fair prospect of success, we do not believe. As we remarked two or three weeks since, the great Democratic dogma of a white man's government can indeed no longer be maintained; for the condition of the vote of the restored States is a renunciation of that folly. In this respect the Democratic party has been necessarily demoralized by the success of reconstruction. But that the equal rights of the citizens of Virginia or of Tennessee will be practically respected, or the administration cordially sustained, by such an alliance as that which has succeeded in the Southern States, is painfully problematical. We should be very sorry if all the friends of Republican principles and of General Grant's administration were of the same kind.

We have no wish, however, to repel truly friendly advances; and we are very far from undervaluing what has been gained. The suffrage is legally equalized; colored citizens are declared eligible to office; and colored children are entitled to education. These concessions are great; but they have been wrung from those chiefly who are sullenly opposed to them. This could not be truly said if the new alliance were so wholly Republican as the *Times* believes. If its assumption were correct, this equality would be as sure in Tennessee as it is in Massachusetts. But political and humane regeneration is not so rapid. The gains are indeed nominally great, but their reality depends upon a change in sentiment which must be very slow. If the alliance be really as the *Times* supposes, "on a Republican platform," we shall rejoice. But this is altogether too much to assume, and can be proved only by developments which it is certainly the duty of Republicans to await in no hostile, if also in no sanguine, spirit.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

If the most forcible objection that could be made to the administration of Governor Hoffman were, that he goes to Saratoga and dances quadrilles, and if this appalling fact were repeated day after day in every form, it would be tolerably clear that nothing serious could be urged against his conduct of affairs. The incessant twaddle in the Democratic journals about the President's summer excursions shows in the same way the absence of any serious complaint. If one such significant and fatal act could be truly alleged of the President as the signing of the Erie bill by Governor Hoffman, he would be allowed, as the Governor is, to dance, if he were so inclined, in peace. By the veto power, says Mr. C. F. Adams, Jun., in the last *North American Review*, Governor Hoffman won and lost his reputation. It is well said, and the fact will not be forgotten. He used it to stop a drop, and he refused to use it against a torrent. But of the administration of General Grant no grave accusation has yet been made by the Opposition. The key-hole gossip of the papers that record the hour when the President rises and the number of cigars he smokes, is the characteristic effort of Jenkins in politics. He should confine himself to describing Miss A's ribbons and Mrs. B's slippers.

Mr. Wendell Phillips, indeed, holds the President responsible for the result of the Southern elections, and for the injustice which is still shown to the colored population; and Mr. Phillips so early and so clearly foresaw the dereliction of Andrew Johnson that he has earned a peculiar right of speaking upon the subject. The men whose example he quotes would unquestionably have carried the elections; but they would have carried them by the sword—and Grant is a constitutional President. If he had given every office in those States, as Mr. Phillips had advised, if he had written the strongest letters, could he have cajoled the votes of those who hate the negro? Could he give or withhold the suffrage? If Mr. Boutwell had been President does Mr. Phillips think that Mr. Stokes would have been elected in Tennessee? The system of government upon which Mr. Phillips latterly insists is the sheerest Cæsarism. He is impatient of the necessary frictions and delays of a free, popular government. He names Richelieu, Bonaparte, Walpole. He might as wisely name Ghengis Khan and Timour the Tartar. If, as Mr. Phillips says, Northern property is nowhere safe at the South, if Texas reeks with outrages, if Southern loyalists declare that there must be a change at Washington or they must fly, is it his duty to tell us what Richelieu would have done or what President Grant can do? Mr. Phillips seems to us to overestimate the Executive power in this country, and to underestimate the element of time in producing changes of public opinion.

Those who supposed, as certainly Mr. Phillips took care to tell us in advance that he did not suppose, that fraternity and good-will were instantly to prevail in the South, the public debt to be paid, the West Indies to be annexed, and taxation to be abolished by General Grant's election, have been naturally disappointed. He became President when there was a deplorable social condition in the Southern States, a heavy debt and taxation, and perplexing foreign questions. Toward the end of the first half year of his administration the debt is materially reduced, and the national credit improved; the principles of radical Republican Reconstruction and the Fifteenth Amendment have been formally, if not from conviction, approved in the Southern States that have voted; the English question, if not settled, is not embittered; the neutrality laws of the United States have been most firmly and successfully enforced; and the efficiency and honesty of the public service have been promoted. On the other hand, there are some mistakes to record. General Sickles should not have been appointed Minister to Spain, and a proclamation reminding the country of its neutrality in the Cuban revolution should have been issued. As we write, nothing is certainly known of any negotiation with Spain in regard to Cuba. If the Administration has made an offer with a menace, it has done what the character of the President and of the Secretary of State forbid us to believe to be possible.

The American people see in the conduct of the Administration thus far a steady regard to honesty and economy, a firm maintenance of the honor and best traditions of the country in its foreign relations, and strict fidelity to the principles which elected the President. Contrasted with all the later Democratic administrations, it is free both from crime and from "Buncombe;" while in what condition at home and abroad the country would now have been if Horatio Seymour and Francis P. Blair had been elected, with Wade Hampton and his allies controlling affairs in the Southern States, is plain enough to every thinking man. The foolish abuse of the President by those who could not find words contemptuous enough for him when he was a candidate, is appropriately expressed by the pen of Jenkins and the tongue of Mr. A. Oakey Hall. But when Mr. Phillips accuses the Administration of "disloyal apathy or honest incapacity" he ought certainly to give some proof of his charges.

EUROPE IN AMERICA.

The Spanish Cortes will reassemble in October and elect a king. Meanwhile the Carlist demonstrations continue, and the Government has summoned the priests to explain their connection with the disorders. The situation of the country naturally excites great attention in Europe, and it is undoubtedly felt that the Spanish hold upon her American colonies must soon be relaxed. Indeed, after a contest like that in Cuba, the most sagacious Spaniards must anticipate no other result. If Great Britain had repressed the revolution in this country in 1776 the independence of the colonies would have been only delayed; and if Spain should resume an apparent ascendency in Cuba it could only be for a brief time, and the next movement upon the island would angrily shake off her hand. England is evidently learning the lesson which the wisest of Englishmen have been long urging. In his introductory lecture upon History at Oxford a dozen years ago, Professor Goldwin Smith most truly said that nothing could ever atone to England for having lost the opportunity of parting friends with her American colonies. The late speech of Sir John Young in Canada shows that the mother country does not intend to alienate another colony by struggling to retain it against its will.

It is harder for Spain to learn the lesson; harder both because of her political backwardness and because of the greater profit of her colonies. Indeed, it seems almost hopeless to expect in the policy of the most advanced nations the simple good sense that marks private affairs; and, since it is hardly to be expected that England and the United States will treat the *Alabama* question as such a difference would be treated by two honorable men, it is useless to wish that Spain might have submitted the question of separation to the Cubans when the revolution began. If it be impossible for a European state to hold its American possessions forever, it might certainly provide for the parting without such anarchy as now prevails in Cuba. Points of pride and supposed honor are always in the way. Louis Napoleon, for instance, finds an insurrection in the streets. He declares that he will not treat with insurgents in arms. The reply is right if they demand injustice, but foolish if their claims are fair. He suppresses the insurrection, restores what he calls his authority, and then yields what was demanded. Does he suppose that it has not been gained by the baffled insurrection, and that every insurgent does not know it? Spain is traditionally haughty, and will of course not treat with rebels. But is there no Spanish statesman shrewd enough to see that Spain must soon yield what her rebels demand?

Undoubtedly some kind of proposition has been made to the Spanish Government by the United States, and made unsuccessfully. That it was a wholly honorable proposition there can be no doubt. If, as is reported, the proposition has failed, the United States reserve every right, and it will be for them to decide when circumstances and the general welfare require positive action. Spain will not doubt, as she certainly has had no reason to question, that whatever may be done will be done in no spirit of hostility to a country which is bravely attempting to pass peacefully from the most degraded monarchical system to the most enlightened and liberal popular government.

THE PRESIDENT AND MISSISSIPPI.

The President has declared himself very emphatically in favor of the Republican party in Mississippi. This, we hope, will satisfy those who have imagined that he was neutral, or who suppose that in a system like ours the President will cease to sympathize with his party until, like Tyler and Johnson, he has decided to woo the Opposition. But as we have never suspected any such intention upon the part of General Grant, we did not expect nor desire that he should expressly declare himself. Will our friends insist, also, that it is necessary for him to proclaim his sentiments in regard to the election of Mr. Packer in Pennsylvania, and of Mr. Pendleton in Ohio? May it not be presumed that he sympathizes with the principles that brought him into his present position? But there is no more doubt who represents those principles in Mississippi than there is in Ohio. The term "Conservative Republican" is merely a new Southern phrase for Democrat, as we have elsewhere suggested. If there is a new party proposed, what are its principles?

In his interview with Mr. Tarbell, the Republican representative from Mississippi, the President very properly said that he preferred his administration should speak by acts rather than by words. But it was perhaps natural that, under all the circumstances, he should be willing, in this instance, to state verbally what no Mississippi Republican ought ever to have doubted. General Grant, indeed, has not been the kind of partisan that General Jackson was, who would certainly never have been asked to declare in what direction his sympathies in any election lay. But he has never swerved from his fidelity to the principles and policy of the party that gladly and proudly elected him, and the immeasurable abuse of the Opposition should alone be sufficient to show how faithful to those principles he appears. If his political foes had suspected him of party infidelity their tone would have modulated as it has with Andrew Johnson. Five years ago that gentleman was, in the opinion of the *World*, for instance, more bestial than the Roman Consul's horse. He was then a Republican by profession. From that time, in the degree that his real political sympathies reappeared, the tone of that discriminating and independent journal softened, until, having betrayed the party that elected him and justly become upon the whole the least respectable of American politicians, the same anthority declares him to be "a true man."

Our friends in the Southern States ought to see that if there is any doubt whatever of the President's position and sympathies there is every doubt. If it is really necessary that he should state his preference for the success of his friends, the statement would be suspicious. But no man believes now, more than a year ago, that General Grant could possibly imitate Andrew Johnson. He is necessarily more a Republican to-day than ever; and it is as superfluous to ask him to say so as to ask Mr. Colfax to say it. With all other Republicans in the country he understands that the "Conservative" party in the South is the party which hopes to hear that Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Packer are elected, and whose success at home will be heartily hailed by Mr. Vallandigham and by Tammany Hall. To satisfy overanxious friends the President has consented to speak. But we protest against an importunity which necessarily throws a doubt upon his position.

REMEDIES FOR DISABLED HONOR.

A few weeks ago in Paris a gentlemen, conceiving himself insulted by another, challenged him to a duel, and one of them was wounded, but will recover. At about the same time, in Boston, a gentleman under a similar impression seized the nose of another and "turned it moderately and quietly," for which he was sentenced to two months in the common jail, but has appealed. Now if there were really an offense of honor in both cases the remedy was obviously unfair, and therefore dishonorable. It is very true that there is a class of serious offenses—those that are described as mortal insults—for which the law furnishes no redress. When Dr. Johnson told the Billingsgate dame that she was an interjection and a vulgar fraction, her sense of outrage might have been a thousandfold more intolerable than if he had stolen a sole from before her, but no action for libel or slander was possible. She had but two practicable remedies: one was to strike him; the other to "sarce" back; unless indeed she were of the true Christian temper, and could offer the other cheek.

It is for the satisfaction of these suits which no court will entertain that the duello has been maintained. But its extreme absurdity is gradually abolishing it. In really civilized places like Boston it is already ridiculous, and it will be so in Paris as the French city advances in civilization. Yet where the formal duello has disappeared a substitute is still retained in the system of corporal correction upon the supposed offender, of which the moderate and quiet turning of the culprit's nose is the latest and certainly the most pleasing illustration, as conveying the impression of a higher civilization than is afforded by the hot and furious wrenching of that feature. But the duello in every form, even in this, is essentially unfair, as we have remarked, and therefore dishonorable.

The combatants in Paris were Gustave Flowrens and Paul Cassagnac. Let us suppose that M. Flowrens is an accomplished swordsman or shot, and that he knows M. Cassagnac to be neither. Thereupon, in the most public place, in the opera, in the *bois*, M. Flowrens turns the nose of M. Cassagnac in the most immoderate and boisterous manner. In the civilization of Paris the duello, under such circumstances, is imperative. The challenged must choose swords or pistols. But obviously he has no remedy for an insult. He has only the choice of methods for his own murder. The consequence of such a system is, that every body's honor or life is at the mercy of a bully. Nor is it essentially different in the other case, except that hot blood may be an excuse; although whether hot blood can excuse a moderate and quiet turning of the nose is questionable. But here again a stalwart fellow, in the cars or elsewhere, may put as many imaginary chips upon his shoulder as he pleases, and when he fancies any of them gone, may quietly turn his small neighbor's nose *ad libitum*. What is a small neighbor to do? If he tries the counterturn he is soundly thrashed. Clearly he, also, has no remedy, and is equally at a bully's mercy. So that really if there are no better remedies for insulted honor than small swords and moderate and other turnings of the nose, isn't it perhaps better not to suffer your honor to be insulted?

A PUBLIC DISGRACE AND DANGER.

In the late proceedings at Albany and along the line of the Susquehanna Railroad the people of this State and of the country have had an opportunity of seeing the consequences of the growing power of enormous corporations. The courts of law, which are theoretically the last and passionless resort, and whose rigid impartiality is the sole hope of peaceful solutions of exciting questions, are already subordinated to these bodies. They retain judges, and the gravest functions of law are as much merchandise as fruit in the market. There are judges in this State in whose probity there is no more confidence than in that of Reddy the Blacksmith; who belong to certain corporations and interests as the rolling stock of a railroad belongs to the Company. Of course, under such circumstances, private rights and public convenience are totally disregarded. And now it is not enough that there should be the most shameless prostitution of the forms of law, but the corporations proceed to open war upon the soil of the State, and the Governor issues a proclamation threatening to call out the entire military force at his disposal to restore order.

It is not the least suggestive fact that one of the belligerents in these hostilities represents the enormous power to whose dictation the same Governor yielded under the universal suspicion in the public mind that the political Ring with which he is connected needed money that the corporation could furnish. In the present case, however, of the most flagrant and inexcusable breach of the peace, it was impossible that the Governor should so far outrage public sentiment as not to assume the attitude of a rigorous enforcer of the law. He has done what he ought to have done; but the official action of Governor Hoffman since his proclamation as Mayor, virtually favoring fraud at the polls, and his signing the Erie bill, inspires no confidence either in his principle or his courage.

The State of New York will soon fall, if it has not already fallen, under the absolute control of these great moneyed powers. One railroad has for years paralyzed New Jersey, and there are at least two vast and unscrupulous corporations in New York. Whether they fight or whether they combine, the people suffer. Their purposes are their own aggrandizement and advantage. They rule by an iron will, and they are masters who can inspire fear only. The noblest incentive of action which a despot can offer, personal faith and loyalty, are unknown to them. Their sway is a gross, sordid, material influence. But, however this may be, every reflecting man sees the signs of the swift advance to political supremacy of great corporations in this country. They threaten Congress; they would bribe the press. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars has the Pacific Railroad spent for advertising? and how much does the country really know of the inner history of the Pacific Railroad? A newspaper naturally no more wishes to alienate immense and liberal advertisers than a clergyman wishes to send a wealthy parishioner out of church.

Mr. Parton informs us that corruption in Congress is an illusion. We hope it is so. May we believe the same of the New York Legislature and of New York judges? And yet the same system that elects the judges elects the representatives to Albany and Washington. Is there no Indian Ring? and is every member of Congress selected for his power of resisting "influence?" The member is virtually elected by the caucus. Does corruption never attend primary meetings? What explanation can possibly be made of a letter like that of Mr. Ashley to Mr. Case? Mr. Ashley's letter to the *Times* certainly did not account for it satisfactorily; and are we to suppose that Mr. Ashley was the only member who sophisticated himself?

The power of these vast moneyed organizations can not be overestimated, nor can that of the evil of that power. Their conduct is the business of every citizen, and he has by no means done his part when he has read with incredulity and wonder the reports in the papers of their pocketing judges and marshaling their retainers for battle. It is not an amusing spectacle; it is a menacing demonstration. It should warn us to do what we can to correct public opinion, and to promote honesty in legislation by selecting honorable men for legislators. For many a year we shall pay the penalty of having so long forgotten that our government begins in the primary meeting, and that the condition of its purity and permanence is care and conscience upon the part of every citizen.

NOTES.

It was to be expected that the eclipse would produce fine writing, but we hardly expected any thing so good as that of a correspondent from a certain Western city. "The city rejoiced," says this admirable chronicler, "*for* almost every man, woman, and child was provided during the day with smoked and colored glasses." But it was not the outward eye only that was to be gratified.

> "Business was deferred for this day, and every mind's eye became entirely fixed on the anticipated wonderful celestial phenomenon. If all along the central line of totality were alike fortunate with us in purity of atmosphere, science will to-day have made much advancement in ability to convey to the human mind a more satisfactory idea of the physical constitution of the orb of day.

The course of events is faithfully followed in the description until

> "At 5.15 o'clock there came a sudden flash, as from a star, far more brighter than one of the first magnitude, and vastly more lustrous, and the luminary disappeared. At the same instant there sprang into vision the corona, encircling the opaque moon, and Venus and Mercury came sweetly into view, when an exclamation of joyful admiration burst involuntarily from the lips of a group of by-standers—ladies, gentlemen, and children.

* * * * * * * *

> "At eighteen minutes and sixteen seconds past five o'clock, with the same splendid star-like flash that it had shown at the commencement, the totality disappeared, and the peerless sun emerged from obscurity again, and was hailed by exclamations of delight."

The climax of this glowing author is incomparable:

> "Cows continued to graze in the fields, and horses stood unmoved during the eclipse; but chickens crowed, fluttered, and went to roost. Mrs. Louisa Day, of Philadelphia, on a visit to her son George Day, Esq., has witnessed three total eclipses, and thinks this the finest of them all."

The new Republican City Committee, of which we spoke last week, opens its campaign by a most vigorous exposure of what must be called the rascality of other similar organizations in the city. It will undoubtedly claim recognition at the State Convention; and whether successful or not, it should be regarded as a protest too powerful to be disregarded, against the present bodies that assume to represent the party in this city, and to dictate to the responsible officers of the United States Government whom they shall select as assistants. Every such officer, under our present system, will naturally listen with respect to the respectful suggestions of his party associates, as he will instantly repel any assumption of such dictation as was attempted with Marshal Barlow. The Republican majority out of the city is tired of the endless city wrangles which are transferred to every State Convention, and will now undoubtedly insist that the wishes of all honorable and candid members of the party in this neighborhood shall be sustained and a new organization effected. If the formation of the new Committee does not attain that result, we trust that others and still others will be formed until the present organization is wholly destroyed. The *Tribune* suggests that the Committee appointed by the last State Convention to arrange the troubles in the city should arrange them. It is a very good suggestion; and we beg to add to it that the root of the difficulty is, that the city Committees have become mere office brokerages, and the business of a Republican Committee is not to procure offices for its members.

"The Seven Curses of London," just published by Harper & Brothers, is by James Greenwood, so well known as the "amateur casual." It is a thorough exposure, by a master hand, of the evils of great cities like London and New York. It treats of neglected children, professional thieves, professional beggars, fallen women, drunkenness, gambling, and indiscriminate alms-giving. While it investigates these evils, it also suggests methods of reform. The Messrs. Harper have issued this book at the low price of twenty-five cents.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention, on August 11, nominated the Hon. George H. Pendleton for Governor of that State, General Rosecrans having declined the nomination. Pendleton has accepted.

Governor Senter's majority in Tennessee was over 60,000.

On his return to San Francisco from Alaska Ex-Secretary Seward is to be presented with a cane valued at $1000 by the Society of California Pioneers. The head of the cane is composed of forty-one triangular pieces of gold-bearing quartz from the leading mines of California, set in gold.

There is no end of railway accidents. On the Pennsylvania Northern Central Road a passenger train was thrown from the track by a rock, August 14, a few miles west of Harrisburg, and the engineer killed and several passengers wounded. On the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad a train ran off the track on the evening of the 12th, near St. Paul; the fireman was killed, and the engineer and baggage-master were injured.

The famous Artesian well at the St. Louis Insane Asylum has at length been abandoned as a failure. It has reached a depth of 3843 feet, and was costing the city $38 20 per day, with a progress of only four and a half inches daily. The water found is bitter and brackish, though cold and sparkling, and rises to within 120 feet of the mouth of the well. At the depth of 1200 feet pure sweet water was found, and measures will be taken to "plug off" the well at that point, by which means the brackish water will be excluded and the fresh water secured for the use of the asylum. The work has been in progress for a number of years, and has cost the city heavily.

The boilers of the packet *Cumberland*, for Evansville to Cairo, exploded near a place called Shawneetown, in Illinois, on August 14, and eighteen or twenty lives were lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The British Parliament was prorogued August 11. The Queen, in her closing message, announced that she continued to receive from foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition. In regard to the suspension of the negotiations with this country on the *Alabama* claims, she said she hoped this delay would tend to maintain relations between the two countries on a durable basis of friendship. She noticed the several important acts of the session; trusted the disestablishment of the Irish Church would promote the work of peace in Ireland; regarded the removal of the duty on corn as a step in the right direction; and hoped the measure for the purchase and management of the telegraph by the government might facilitate the great commercial and social object of rapid, easy, and certain communication, and prove no unworthy sequel to the excellent system of cheap postage.

We have a report from Spain that a reinforcement of 20,000 men is to be sent to Cuba in September. The Spanish Cortes will assemble in October.

The international boat-race between the Oxford and Harvard crews has been fixed for August 27.

The yacht *Sappho* reached Queenstown August 9, having made her trip from this city in 12 days, 9 hours, and 36 minutes.

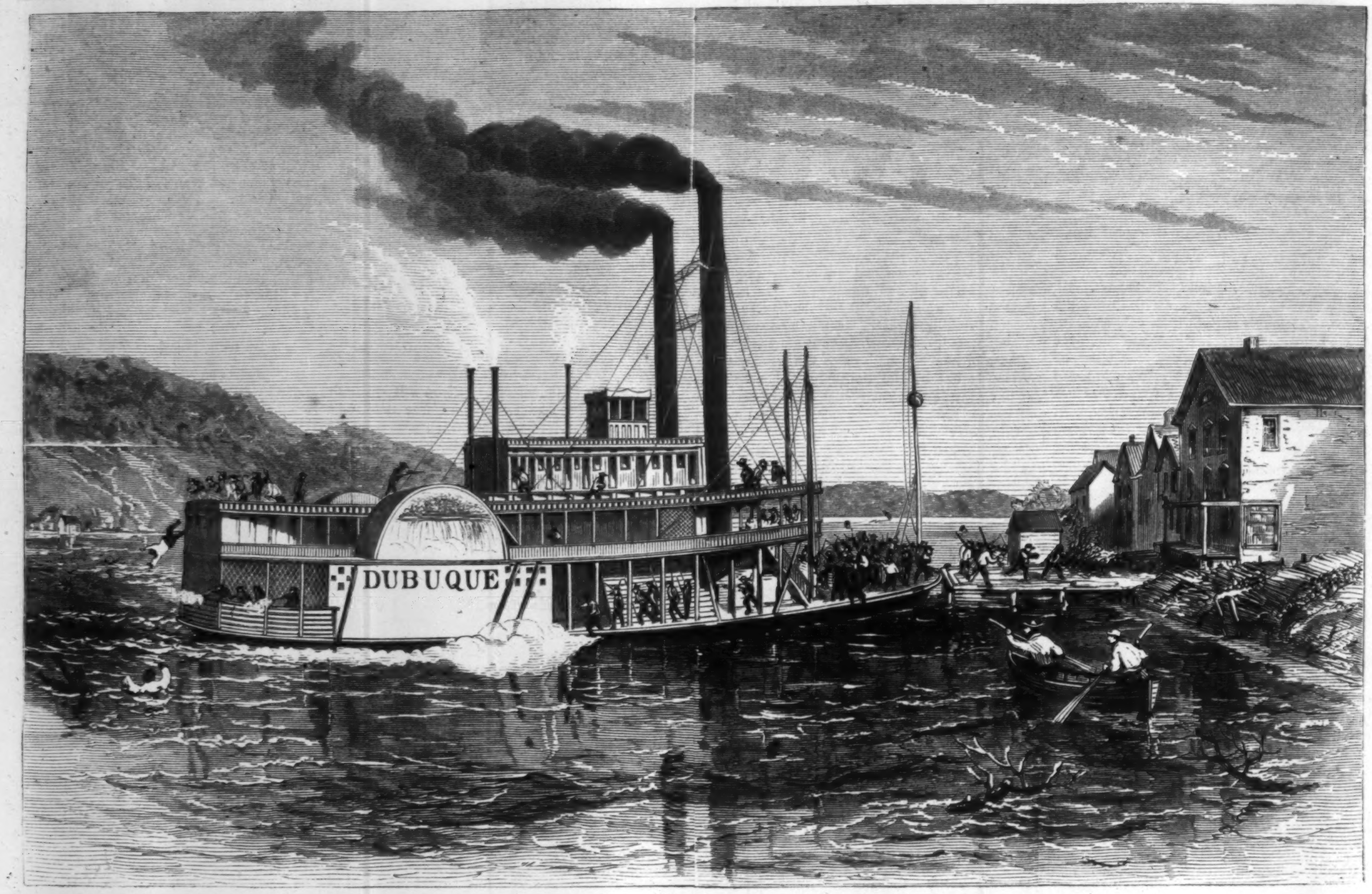
Marshal Neil, of France, died on the 14th of August.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Napoleon I. was celebrated in France August 15; and on that day a general amnesty was granted to press and political offenders, and to army and navy deserters.

The news from Cuba is conflicting. Spanish reports indicate that General Jordan has been driven to the mountains, while the Cuban advices are to the effect that that General has given the Spaniards a severe thrashing.

The horrible cruelties practiced upon the unfortunate Carmelite nun at Cracow, with the story of which Europe has been ringing ever since their disclosure, have speedily produced their natural result. A Commission has already been appointed by the Austrian Government to prepare a bill for placing monastic institutions, like all other coporate associations, under strict Government supervision and control.

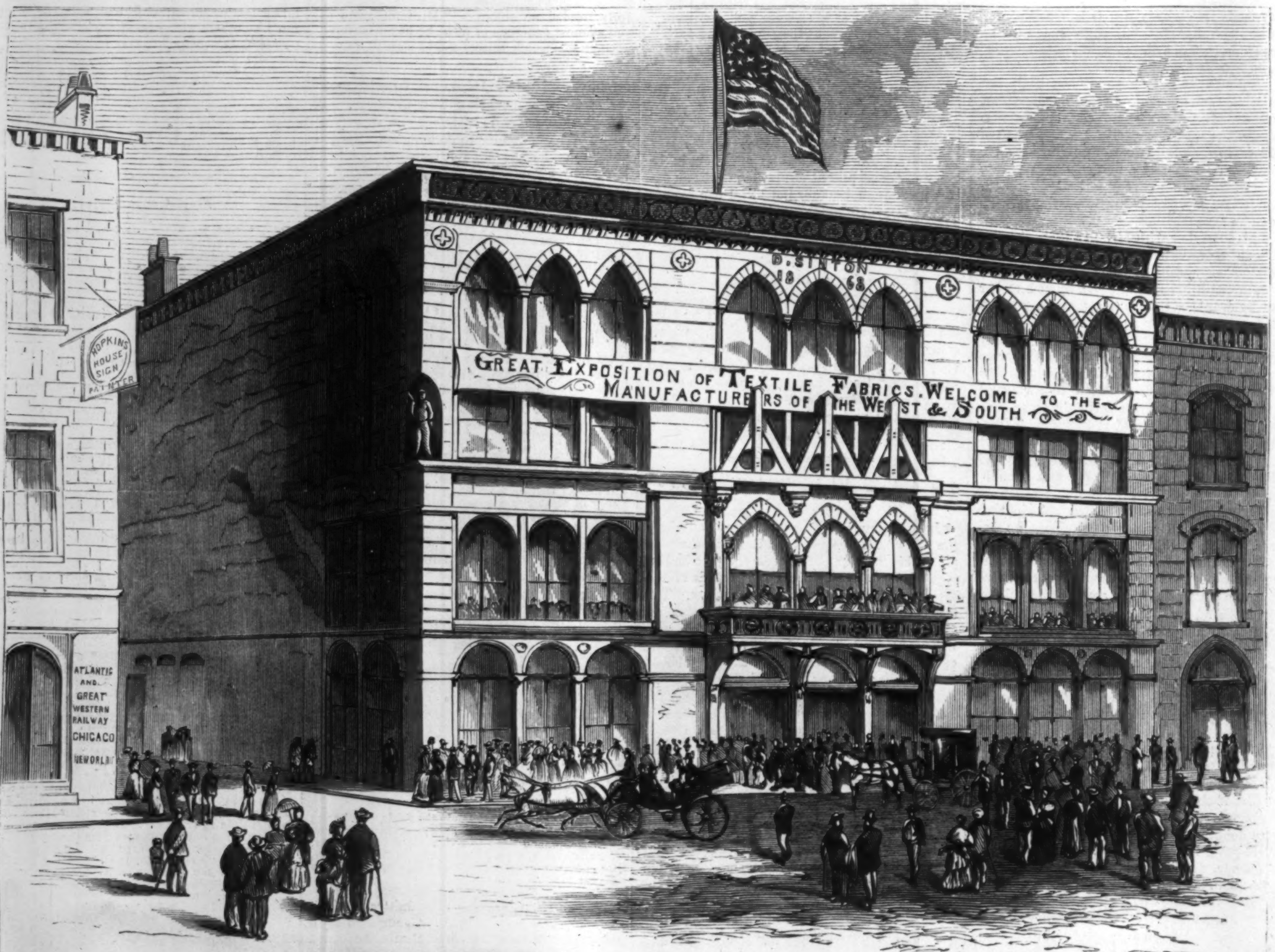
M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, after having connected two seas, is now proposing to create a new one. It appears that some enterprising explorers of Central Africa have put forward the opinion that the Sahara is the bed of an old sea displaced by a convulsion of nature. On the faith of that assertion M. de Lesseps a little time ago sent some engineers to examine the configuration of the soil, and from the result of their labors has become convinced that the desert in question was at its nearest limit eighty-eight feet below the level of the Red Sea, and that the depression went on increasing toward the interior. He is, therefore, of opinion that a canal seventy-five miles in length would suffice to put the Red Sea and the Sahara in communication, restore to the latter its original destination and create an easy method of intercourse with Central America by means of these artificial oceans. Should such an operation be seriously taken in hand it is to be hoped that due notice will be given to all points from which the various caravans start, or the consequences to the traveling public in Africa might prove highly disastrous.

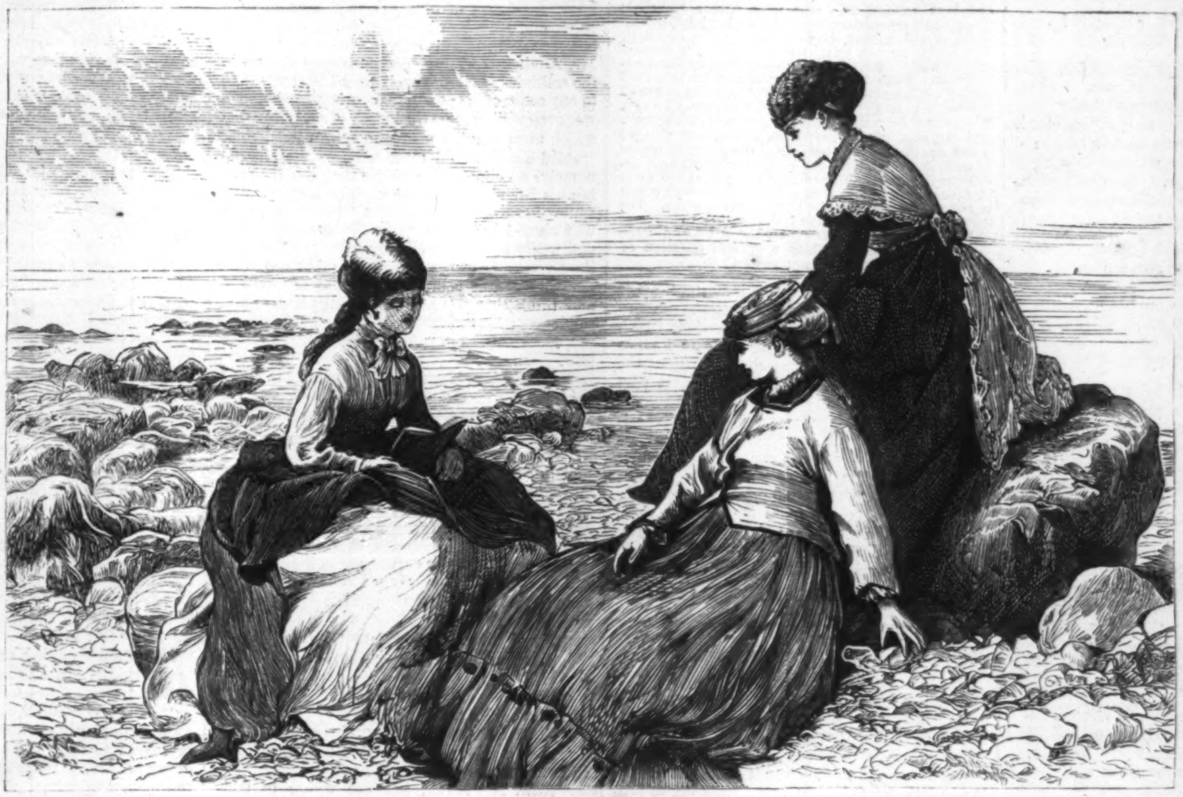


STEAMBOAT RIOT ON THE "DUBUQUE," ABOVE DAVENPORT, IOWA, July 29, 1869.—[Sketched by H. H. Henderson.]

STEAMBOAT RIOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our illustration on this page represents a scene of inhuman butchery scarcely ever paralleled. The tragedy occurred on board the steamer *Dubuque*, just above Davenport, Iowa, on July 29. About 250 raftsmen, or harvesters, had taken passage on this boat. They drank freely, and at length it became necessary to restrain their movements. The crew consisted of about thirty negroes, and, as it devolved upon them to repress the tumult, they became the victims of the rioters. Six of them were killed, and on their attempt to escape on their arrival at Hampton Landing they were pursued on shore. At Clinton a large number of the rioters were arrested. Two of the murderous gang were seriously wounded during the conflict on the boat.





WHICH OF THE THREE?—[See Poem, Page 550.]

PEABODY STATUE, LONDON.

The ceremony of publicly unveiling the bronze statue of Mr. George Peabody, the American benefactor of the London poor, was performed by the Prince of Wales on July 23; and the Lord Mayor and other civic dignitaries, with the new American Minister and many of the leading citizens, took part in the proceedings.

The Prince of Wales, before unveiling the statue, honored the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress with his company at luncheon, which was served with much splendor in the great saloon of the Mansion House. A select company had been invited to meet the Prince, among whom were Mr. Motley, Miss Burdett Coutts, and Mr. W. W. Story, the American sculptor.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue took place at the Royal Exchange, the Prince of Wales officiating. Sir Benjamin Phillips, as chairman of the Peabody Memorial Committee, addressed the Prince, stating that it was designed by this statue to commemorate an act almost without parallel in English history, and to express the gratitude of the English people for Mr. Peabody's gifts to the poor of London. "It will tell," said he, "to future generations, and, for all time, to our children and our children's children, how a plain and earnest man, born in another country, settled among us, and by a long, prosperous, and honorable career, became one of our merchant princes, and, having realized a kingly fortune, conceived the desire of distributing it in his life, not with the object of self-aggrandizement, but for the Godlike purpose of ameliorating the miseries, assuaging the woes, and elevating the social and moral condition of his fellow-creatures." He further stated that the committee had chosen Mr. Story for the sculptor of this statue, as a distinguished countryman of Mr. Peabody, in order to show their regard for the United States of America. They hoped it would be symbolical of the peace and friendship that should always exist between the two countries, inhabited by people of the same race, speaking the same language, and inspired with the same love of freedom.

In reply to this address the Prince of Wales said: "Among the many duties which I have the privilege of performing none could have given me greater pleasure than to assist and take part in the unveiling of this statue on this occasion. The name of George Peabody is so well known to all of you that really I feel some difficulty in saying any thing new of that remarkable man; but, at the same time, it affords me the deepest gratification to join in paying a mark of tribute and respect to the name of that great American citizen and philanthropist—I may say that citizen of the world. England can never adequately pay the debt of gratitude which she owes to him, London especially, where his wonderful charity has been so liberally distributed. For a man not born in this country to give a sum, I believe, of more than a quarter of a million of pounds sterling for purposes of benevolence is a fact unexampled. His name will go down to posterity as one who, as Sir Benjamin Phillips so justly remarked, has tried to ameliorate the position of his poorer fellow-citizens, and especially to benefit their moral and social character. I have not yet had the opportunity of seeing the statue which is about to be unveiled; but, having had the privilege of knowing the sculptor, Mr. Story, for a space of now about ten years, I feel sure it will be one worthy of his reputation, and worthy also of the man to whom it is dedicated. Before concluding the few imperfect remarks which I have ventured to address to you, let me thank Mr. Motley, the American Minister, for his presence on this occasion, and assure him what pleasure it gives me to take part in this great, and, I might almost say, national ceremonial of paying a tribute to the name of his great and distinguished countryman. Be assured that the feelings which I personally entertain toward America are the same as ever they were. I can never forget the reception which I had there nine years ago, and my earnest wish and hope is that England and America may go hand in hand in peace and prosperity."

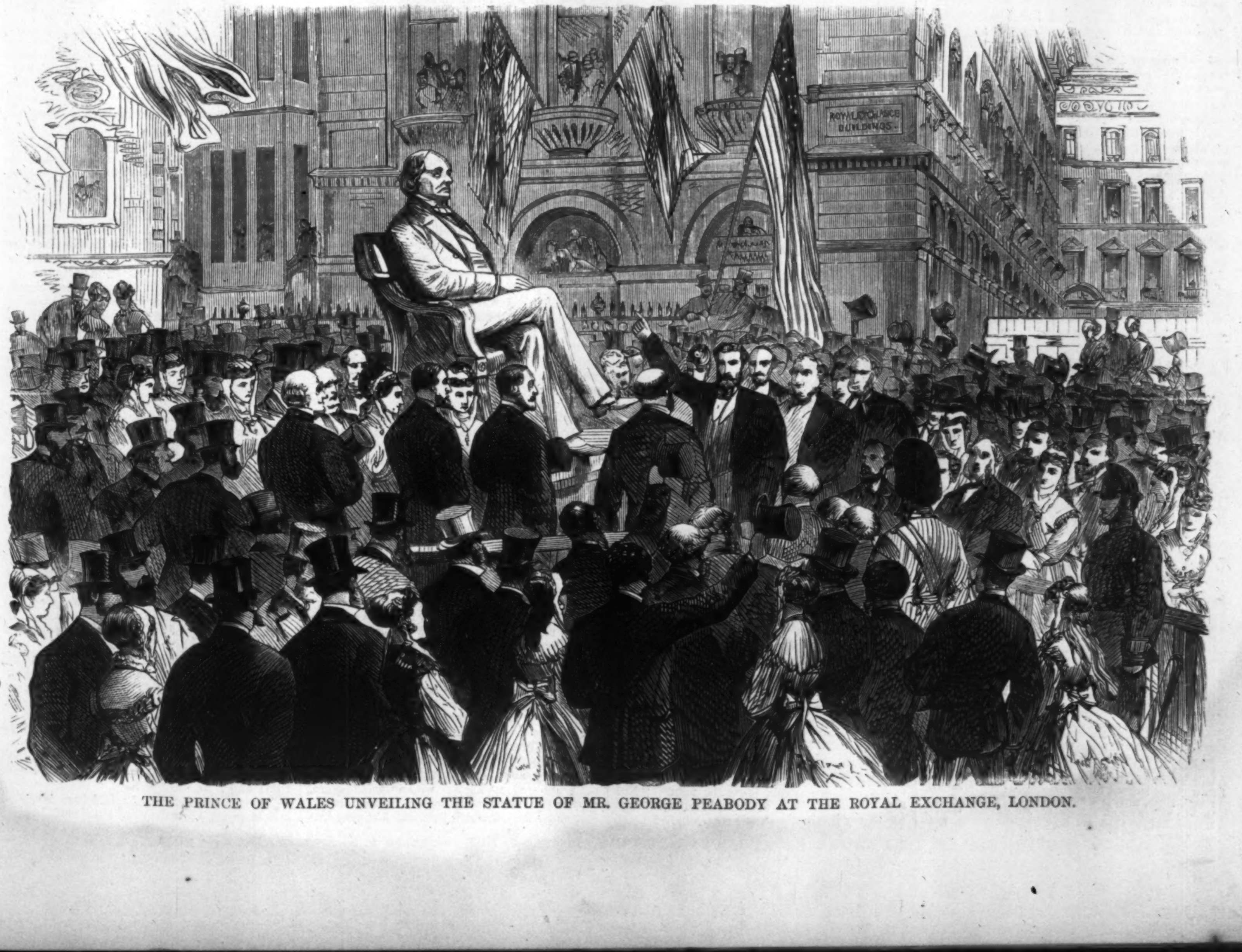
Mr. Motley afterward spoke, and in the course of his remarks said that the name of Mr. Peabody needed no eulogy. "Most fortunate as well as most generous of men, he has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune for himself through all time. For I have often thought in this connection of a famous epitaph, familiar, no doubt, to many who now hear me: 'What I spent I had; what I gave I have; what I kept I lost.' And what a magnificent treasure, according to these noble and touching words, has our friend and the poor man's friend preserved for himself till time shall be no more,

> 'And tongues to be his
> bounty shall rehearse
> When all the breathers of
> this world are dead!'

Of all men in the world he least needs a monument." Mr. Motley went on to speak of the statue, which he had seen in Mr. Story's studio at Rome, and which he praised as a faithful likeness, having once seen Mr. Peabody and his statue seated side by side.

Mr. Story, the sculptor, having been called on, said, jocosely, he had no speech to make. He added, significantly, pointing to the statue, "That is my speech," a remark which occasioned much merriment. The ceremony was then brought to a close, and the Prince took his leave. His Royal Highness, as he did so, was repeatedly cheered.

A letter which Queen Victoria wrote to Mr. Peabody on his leaving England is published by the Boston *Post*. Her Majesty wrote: "The Queen is very sorry that Mr. Peabody's sudden departure has made it impossible for her to see him before he left England, and she is concerned to hear that he is gone in bad health. She now writes him a line to express her hope that he may return to this country quite recovered, and that she may then have the opportunity, of which she has now been deprived, of seeing him and offering him her personal thanks for all he has done for the people." The note was transmitted by Mr. Arthur Helps, the Clerk of the Privy Council, who adds that the Queen also commanded him "to be sure and charge Mr. Peabody to report himself on his return to England." The design, inaugurated by Mr. Peabody and Mr. A. T. Stewart, to become during their lives the executors of their own estates for philanthropic purposes, will, we hope, be imitated by others who, like them, have been so fortunate as to accumulate vast wealth.



THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE STATUE OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

WHICH OF THE THREE?

See Illustration on Page 549.

Which of the three so sweet, I wonder,
  Do sensible bachelors long to woo,
By wavelets' wash and ripple, and under
  The haze of a sky which is blue—so blue!
A magnet thrill at the heart should beckon
  The passionate boys to the rocks to see
Such deep-sea treasures, and pause to reckon,
  Their chance and choice of the maidens three.

Which of the three? 'tis weary choosing,
  A tale which Paris of old begins,
For two must bitterly hate for losing,
  And only one can adore who wins.
A golden apple, the swain on Ida
  Bestowed on the fairest maid, but he
Would please how few did he dare decide a
  Reward for the best of my maidens three.

Which of the three? their faces surely
  Are best of books for a man to read;
When Millicent's eyes look down demurely,
  My butterfly gentlemen, pray take heed!
For eyes of blue, though the dark lash hide them,
  Deceive like songs which a siren sings;
But blue or black let us sit beside them,
  And, like the butterflies, burn our wings.

Which of the three? the long-wave hushes
  Its voice in pleasure about their feet;
The sea-gull stoops, and his white wing brushes
  Their golden hair; on the rocks, their seat,
The sea anemones bloom; their dresses
  The impudent breezes love to toss
In sweet disorder, and toy with tresses
  Which tell too truly a ribbon's loss.

Which of the three? the query's idle,
  'Twixt dark and fair, or short and tall,
Would any one choose if he dared to sidle,
  And sit a monarch amidst them all?
A Mormonite tone the ozone instilleth
  To those who are happily surnamed "young;"
For there on the sand, to the man who willeth,
  Is a throne three beautiful maids among.

Which of the three? if I needs must choose one,
  To rank all maids in the world above,
I'd take, nor care if the world abuse one,
  That maid whose attitude whispers love.
And then, when summer returned, I'd wander
  No more alone by the dear old sea;
But all that was best in the world I'd squander
  On her—the best of the maidens three.

EXPOSITION OF TEXTILE FABRICS, CINCINNATI.

At this time, when ocean cables and international canals and interoceanic railways occupy so large a share of the public attention, there is great danger lest in our absorption by these more general aspects of commerce we should forget those interests by which the great sections of our common country are bound together. The recent exposition of textile fabrics at Cincinnati, Ohio, was a brilliant conception. It was an invitation of the South to unite with the West in the opening of a new era, which promises unparalleled prosperity to both those sections.

This exposition revealed the weakness of Southern and Western manufactories as to the extent of their operations; but it also clearly proved that in the *quality* of the articles produced they need not shrink from a comparison with their Eastern rivals.

It seems strange that in a city like Cincinnati, numbering 300,000 souls, there should be but a single woolen-mill. But such is the fact.

The rooms in which the exposition was held were spacious, extending back from Vine Street 150 feet; and with their great width, high ceilings, and good light, they furnished ample facilities for the display of goods. In the rear of the first room, confronting the visitors as they arrived, were the words, "Welcome to the Manufacturers of the West and South."

Looms of the best kind were on exhibition. There were jeans that would compare with any manufactured in the world; cassimeres superior to much that is manufactured in New England; and long shawls from the prairies of the West and Northwest that were equal to any produced on this continent.

This is the second exposition of textile fabrics in the Northwest. The peculiar characteristic of this second convention is the invitation to co-operation accorded to the South. In this matter of manufactures the West and the South are natural allies. And why should they not excel in manufactures? The past history of both these sections answers the question. The West *must*, from the necessities of the case, be, in the first instance, occupied in interests purely agricultural; and as for the South, so long as slavery existed only agricultural pursuits were possible. But why should the past be repeated in the future? Governor Hayes, of Ohio, put this affair in the right light when he said, at the opening of this exposition:

> "Where fuel, and food, and land, and building materials, and minerals are abundant and cheap; where the climate is healthful and friendly to labor; where the raw material can be produced without limit; where the consumption of the manufactured article is large; where the best facilities are afforded for transporting both raw material and the fabric, by land and by water, to and from the great markets of the world—it would seem that the only remaining elements essential to the successful establishment of any desired manufacture are capital and labor; and that, with the conditions here supposed, both capital and labor are bound to appear at the command of intelligence, enterprise, and will. Now I need not pause to marshal facts and figures to prove that in the States represented by the gentlemen whom we are glad to welcome to-day are land, and fuel, and food, and materials for building, and mineral wealth; a climate healthful, and in which it is good for man to work; roads, canals, rivers, lakes, railways, for easy and rapid transportation to and from all the earth. All of these things, if we would see them, we have but to open our eyes and look around us. The wise farmer, traveling through a new country looking for good land, knows when he has reached it by the forest which covers it. The soil is known by its trees. Judge this favored region, which we still call the Northwest, by the farmer's rule. Behold what has grown up on this land during the few years since civilized men first began to possess it! Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and the host of smaller cities, towns, and villages which are dotted all over it, and the roots of whose growth and prosperity are in its matchless soil, decide for the intelligent observer every question as to its fitness to be the home of that varied industry which is always found with the highest civilization. The possessors of a country like this have only themselves to blame if they fail to complete the circle of diversified pursuits, without which a general diffusion of knowledge and culture is impossible."

This exposition is a more important affair than at first it would seem. It suggests the conflict of the future. The great questions which are to agitate the nation will relate to finance and commerce. And upon these questions the West and South are to be for the most part united.

Twenty thousand persons visited the exposition on the second day. One characteristic event of that day was the arrival of an invoice of goods from the mills of Brigham Young, Salt Lake City, Utah. These were principally cassimeres. On the evening of August 5 there was a sumptuous banquet at the Burnet House. A trade-sale was inaugurated on the 6th, at which the goods on exhibition were disposed of.

THE BAR OF GOLD.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

Gerald Adair had lived a very useless, careless, selfish life for many years; but until after he had met with Violet Leigh he had never committed any thing that could be stigmatized as a crime, either by the best or the most censorious of men. After that meeting it would have been hard for the most lenient or the most lax to pronounce him inoffensive any more.

The meeting took place in this wise: Down in the luxuriant, ferny depths of South Devon a richly wooded and watered gorge, between two boldly rising lines of hills, had been made the scene of a picnic that had been organized on a colossal scale by a couple of the best known and best liked people in the neighborhood. The place was a very picnic-suggesting one; and when Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot filled their house with worn-out fashionable people at the end of the London season, it (the place) naturally occurred to them as one that might be set as the stage for the enactment of one of those diversions which were absolutely necessary for the diverting of the already sated pleasure-seekers.

"We must have a picnic at Ivy Bridge among other things," Mrs. Arbuthnot had said while stretching out a programme that was ordained to be "elastic" from the first. She made this suggestion in the presence of Mr. Adair the morning after that gentleman's arrival at Glade, and somehow or other he made his silent disapprobation manifest to her.

"Why don't you cordially indorse instead of mutely scorning my plan, wretched man?" the young hostess asked, laughingly.

"Briefly, because I abhor picnics," he answered.

"Why?"

"The girls pursue their flirtations too remorselessly at them; the food suffers from the transit and gets fetid; the wine is hot; the attitude in which these unpromising things are consumed is impossible."

"Those are all silly, groundless complaints that have been leveled against the time-honored institution a thousand times, and refuted. I expected something more original from you," Mrs. Arbuthnot said.

"Refute them now. I will be easily convinced since you wish it."

"Well," she said, laughing, "the majority of the girls who will be at our picnic are too pretty to need to pursue flirtation. Your wine shall be as well iced as if you were dining at home; and the hampers shall not disgrace Gunter or Fortnum and Mason. Don't be absurd—go and enjoy it, and confess to me afterward that Violet Leigh would have made all the evils even you sketched out acceptable."

"Who is Violet Leigh?" he asked.

"She is the most perfectly lovely girl it has ever been my lot to meet," Mrs. Arbuthnot—who was by way of being a beauty herself—said, warmly.

"Ah!" he said, with his most insufferable air, "I don't like your country beauties."

Mrs. Arbuthnot suppressed her impatience. "I will tell you who she is," she said. "You shall then say what you imagine her to be. She is the only daughter of the late Sir Aymott Leigh—a careless, improvident man, as you know; for even you may own to having heard of Sir Aymott without loss of caste. He left Violet penniless, but she has been adopted by the Vincents, old friends of her father's; and rumor says she is the richest heiress in the county. You needn't turn up your nose at her; she is the belle of every place at which she appears; she caused a sensation in Paris last year."

"So she tells you, I suppose," he said, laughing.

"So she doesn't tell me, scoffer, but so I happen to know. Now picture her."

"Thanks; but the remuneration of being right would be too slight a one," he said, carelessly. "However, I will go to your picnic, not to be charmed with Miss Violet Leigh, but because you desire me to do so."

Kate Arbuthnot laughed. It was a well-understood thing among them all that Mr. Adair's spoken flatteries and open adoration of her meant nothing. Her husband liked the man. "Not that I know any good of him," Mr. Arbuthnot would say; "but, on the other hand, I don't know any harm of him, you see; and he likes Kate, and Kate can keep any fellow from liking her too much." This being the state of the case, Mr. Adair was willing enough to bury himself in the solitudes of Glade much more frequently than in any other of his numerous country haunts. He was even willing to go the length of attending that which most London men who have passed their "salad days" would most sedulously eschew—namely, a country picnic—for the sake of pleasing his fair pleasant hostess. The lady smiled a smile of gratified acquiescence now. "After all, why should you feign to be above most things, and weary of the rest?" she said. "I don't believe you to be either, remember; but the great majority accept your own estimate of yourself, and think that you are sated with pleasure and saddened with thought."

"Decidedly I am not sated with pleasure," he said.

"Are you saddened with thought? No, I don't believe it, Mr. Adair."

"I do think sometimes, though you think me incapable of the effort, I know."

"But you're on the top of the tide; you're well off, and you will be better off when your uncle dies. You're young and good-looking (you know the latter fact so well that I needn't scruple to mention it to you). You're tolerably clever, and you have no wife to worry you."

"Yet a wife is the very thing you are always advising me to take. What other motive, for instance, have you in putting Miss Leigh in my path?"

"Yes, I should like you to take her," Mrs. Arbuthnot said. "A wife like Violet, but not any wife."

"What day do you say your picnic is to be?" he said, suddenly.

"Next Wednesday."

"Ah! a thousand pities that business should call me away on Tuesday," he said.

"Now, Mr. Adair, you are trying to trifle with me; and I won't have it. Ivy Bridge is a charming place. If you don't like the actors, you will approve of the stage and the scenery. I won't say another word about Violet Leigh to you. I won't even introduce her to you. You shall be free as air to neglect my beauty; but you shall go to my picnic."

So it came to be an understood thing (during the interval that elapsed between this conversation and the picnic) among all Mrs. Arbuthnot's intimates that Mr. Adair was staying for the picnic as a favor, and that the favor was a very great one. Violet Leigh heard of it from a mutual friend of hers and Mrs. Arbuthnot's, and Violet Leigh derided the idea.

"A favor; why should it be a favor? What is there in the man that Kate makes herself absurd about him?"

"Kate, and her husband too, think him brilliant and clever, and an acquisition to any set," the friend replied.

"Do they? I never do like the Admirable Crichtons that are discovered by my friends; I hope Kate won't expect me to go into similar ecstasies over him, and to regard his dancing with me as a great favor."

Thus it appeared almost as if the two whom Mrs. Arbuthnot had designed the picnic for, in the hope that each would be as much struck with the other as she was with them both respectively, were prejudiced against each other from the very first.

Wednesday, the day of the picnic, dawned broiling, bright, and beautiful as it is possible for a July day in South Devon to be. The trysting-place was a well-known inn in the heart of the country town, just opposite to the ivy-covered bridge which gives its name to the place. Here the guests who had been assembled by Mrs. Arbuthnot met, and held a consultation as to where they should wander and when they should dine. When this last important matter was definitely fixed upon, that ardent search after the picturesque which characterizes most picnics commenced—a search which apparently can only be properly conducted in pairs.

The picturesque does not render the search after itself difficult in the region round about Ivy Bridge. In the first place there is the river Erme, which comes rolling down from Dartmoor, over boulders that are like polished marble when looked at through the crystal water—rolling down over boulders and between high banks, fringed with trees and shrubs and ferns in matchless profusion and endless variety. No sweeter place for a stroll than the banks of this shaded stream can be found in the whole of this nature-favored district. And if the quiet, secluded beauty palls upon one, a short, tough ascent brings one to the broad, bold, breezy border of Dartmoor, which civilization has left untouched and untainted as yet.

One of the last to arrive was Violet Leigh. She came up driving a pair of handsome small chestnut cobs, driving fast and cleverly, for she was to be chaperoned by her hostess, and she feared being late. Mr. Adair was standing by Mrs. Arbuthnot's side as the young lady checked her cobs, and leaned forward to excuse herself for the delay she fancied she had caused. "I was afraid you would have started for the woods," she said, "and that I should have enacted the part of unprotected young lady all day."

"Why were you not more punctual?" asked Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"You know I am not mistress of my own time, nor yet of my own actions," the girl answered, hastily, and Gerald Adair looked at her with interest for the first time.

She was worth looking at. She was—he longed to openly confess that she was—utterly different to his preconceived notions of the country beauty and heiress. A graceful, elegant, thorough-bred looking girl, with a world of quiet, courtly self-possession in her air. Slender in figure, exquisitely dressed, pale and fair complexioned, with soft masses of wavy brown hair dressed far forward, nearly on to her wide brow in front of her chignon. A delicate, slightly aquiline-featured face, with dark violet eyes fringed with silky, curly black lashes. A very lovely young lady, "but something better than lovely, too," he told himself. "She might be a peeress in her own right, indeed, to judge by her looks."

True to her promise, Mrs. Arbuthnot made no attempt to introduce Mr. Adair to Miss Leigh; and he felt half annoyed with his favorite friend on account of that strict observance of her word on which she was secretly priding herself. "They are the two best adapted to each other in all the party," she thought; "and it serves them both right that I treat them according to the letter of their request." This was the thought that flashed through her mind before they started for the ante-dinner stroll. By the time the post-dinner was imminent Mr. Adair lowered his flag.

"I wish you would make me known to Miss Leigh," he said, quietly.

"You're not asking this to please me?" the gratified little matron asked.

"No, indeed; entirely to please myself," he answered. "She shines like a star amidst all these people you have collected. What wonder that I desire to have her shine upon me alone!"

"I wish I had the strength of mind to punish such selfish conceit by refusing your request; as I haven't—Violet, allow me to introduce our friend, Mr. Adair, to you; I want you to make him comprehend this truth—that my picnic was worth waiting for."

Miss Leigh smiled rather languidly; rather too languidly, Mr. Adair thought, as their hostess moved away.

"A man convinced against his will, etc.," she quoted presently. "Why should I attempt, moreover, to upset what is perhaps a pet theory of yours? You like to imagine yourself superior to this sort of thing; why should I try to prove to you that you are not?"

You have proved it to me already," he said, adroitly guiding her into a path that none of the others had taken. And Mrs. Arbuthnot, keenly glancing after them, felt happy when she saw them disappear round a corner together, alone.

A fortnight after this they were alone with each other once more. By this time, though, being with each other had become the one thing in the whole world to them. During this fortnight Mr. Adair had pursued Violet incessantly, "madly" even, Mrs. Arbuthnot called it in joke—"madly," the man felt it to be in reality. He was born to attract women. His normal *insouciance* and frequent earnestness won upon, flattered, bothered, and beguiled them. He was handsome, accomplished, well-bred. The graceful beauty, the Queen of Calm, as she had been called, surrendered to him after a brief struggle. She could not suppress the slight flush which would rise to her cheeks, and the slight throbbing which would affect her heart, when he approached her. And, as for him, there seemed to be nothing of exaggeration in the impassioned words which he was addressing to her now as she sat embowered in flowers in a deep bay-window in Mrs. Arbuthnot's drawing-room:

"'Thou wast that all to me, love,
  For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
  A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed about with flowers,
  And all the flowers were mine.'

"*Are* all the flowers mine?" he continued, passionately. "Tell me! No other man has forced such roses as these into bloom?" and he lightly touched her cheek with a sprig of myrtle as he spoke.

"No other man has ever said such words to me. I should never have listened to them," she said, softly. He was going to leave Glade on the morning of the next day, and Violet was feeling so sure in her love and happiness; so sure that he would not go without asking her to be his wife.

Suddenly, to her surprise, he half knelt at her side. Suddenly, to her horror, he breathed an anathema against that fatal picnic party.

"What is it, Gerald?" she said, in a whisper. It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name. At the same time she put her hand down and touched his hand.

"Violet," he said, grasping hers fiercely and firmly; "how will your dear eyes look at me after this day? How will your dear voice ever name me?"

"Always kindly," she said, trembling a little.

"No, no; you will despise and disown me, as I deserve. I know what you, what any woman must expect—would be wrong and unwomanly not to expect, in fact. I ought to ask you to be my wife to-day. I would give my life to be able to do it, and I dare not!"

"Oh, Gerald! why?"

All her pride and stately sweet grace were gone as she rang out the piteous entreaty. She felt so sure of his love. There must be some hideous mistake in all this!

"There is a bar between us, darling," he said, looking up, miserably.

"A bar! What bar? No bar strong enough to keep us asunder," she said, impetuously.

"A little bar of gold—a wedding-ring. I have a wife already!"

"For all that my eyes will never look, or my voice never name you less kindly than they have already done," she said, recovering her sweet, outward calm, but feeling her heart to be wounded, broken, bleeding.

"You do not reproach me, Miss Leigh," he said, rising to his feet.

"Reproach you! We must not reproach each other, say rather. Tell me of your wife before I go; and I go, must go soon."

Then he told her how he had been inveigled into marrying a woman older than himself while he was still a mere boy. "She was beautiful then," he said; "but she was not a woman I may dare to talk to you about. I never respected her. I never loved her after the first few days of mad passion were over. I have disliked her for years; but I never so loathed her as I do now that she stands between me and you, the brightest vision of my life."

"Why do you not live with her?" Violet asked, with more of sternness than he had ever heard in her tones before. "Why do you neglect her, and go about under false colors, feigning to be a free man, when you are—"

"A very bond slave," he interrupted. "Why do I do it? This is why; I have it in me (so you have told me more than once) to be a good and great and useful man. She does not know my heart—she does not care for it."

"Have you any children?" Violet said, shortly.

"One child only, thank Heaven."

"What is it—boy or girl?"

"A girl; she's about ten years old, by-the-way."

"You have a daughter, and you can treat her mother as you do; I told you just now that I forgave you freely all I had to forgive you," she said, blushing. "I can not now, while I think you have no heart for your daughter. What is her name, and where is she?"

"Her name is Beatrix; she is at school at St. Leonard's. Don't look harshly at me, Violet; if it ever comes out that I have a wife—*such* a wife as I have, and a child—I shall cease to be my uncle's heir."

"And that is your whole fear," she said. "I can't bear to think it. Do you not dread that your child may grow up careless of you; that she may turn out badly from sheer parental neglect? You ought to be her guide, her friend, her protector. Think of it; she is your own flesh and blood, Gerald." And as she pleaded for his child Violet Leigh burst into tears.

An hour after, when Mrs. Arbuthnot came home from her drive to dress for dinner, she found a note from Violet Leigh, instead of seeing the happy face of the girl whose love-dream had seemed to be so near realization.

"DEAR KATE"—Violet wrote—"I have gone home instead of staying to dine, as I rashly promised you I would do; don't ask any questions of Mr. Adair, or make any jokes about me; we have had an explanation, and it has ended in our saying good-by, and wishing each God-speed. Your affectionate

"VIOLET."

"My affectionate Violet might have been a little more explicit with me, I think," Mrs. Arbuthnot said, musingly. "I should like to ask him what it all means; but she asks me not to do so." Still, though her loyalty to her friend forbade her asking any questions that that friend had forbidden, her curiosity was sorely taxed.

Nor was it set at rest by Gerald Adair's telling her that evening that his farewell on the morrow would be a long one. "I am going abroad," he said.

"For how long?"

"For an indefinite period: before I go I ask this one favor of you. Here is the address of my agent in town: he will always know where or whereabout I am. If Miss Leigh marries, write to me through him and tell me. Will you?"

Still wrestling with her curiosity, Mrs. Arbuthnot promised.

"And give this note to Miss Leigh when I am gone," he said; "it contains an address she wants. I shall say good-by to you to-night," he added, holding out his hand.

"My picnic was fatal to you both," she whispered; and he bowed his head and went out of the room.

For the next eight years Violet Leigh alternately puzzled and annoyed all her best friends by refusing to marry. She had many brilliant offers —a woman is only at her best until eight or nine and twenty, and her beauty was unimpaired. Her self-elected guardian grew morose and gloomy with her. "Don't call me his heiress," she would say sometimes to Mrs. Arbuthnot; "if I were only sure of being that I should act very differently. I would fulfill the object of my life then—now I can not do it."

At last, when Violet was a splendid woman of thirty, she married. The man she married was a rich, honorable gentleman of ancient family, a man many years older than herself. Mrs. Arbuthnot, true to her promise, wrote to Gerald Adair, who was away on his travels again, although he had been in England many times since he had asked her to do it. Soon afterward Violet, now Mrs. Fanshawe, came back to her own home with her own husband, accompanied by a young lady whom she introduced to the neighborhood as the daughter of her old friend Mr. Adair, and her own adopted child.

Gradually the whole story oozed out. Mrs. Adair was dead long ago, and for years Violet Leigh had played the part of mother and guardian to the child of her old love. She had always refused to marry, because objections had always been raised on the part of her guardian and her lovers to any permanent settlement being made on the daughter of her heart. At last, in wrath, her guardian vowed that, unless she gave up this "mad fancy," as he called it, he would leave the money he had intended for her to some one else. She could not give up that which she had won hardly from Gerald Adair—the right to protect and watch over his child. Even while she was debating what it was best to do Mr. Fanshawe proposed to her, and she told him her trouble.

"Marry me, and she shall be in all respects as a daughter of our own," he said; and his acceptance of Violet's "mad fancy" made her guardian look more leniently upon it. So the end of it was that Beatrix Adair was well-dowered and well-received when, some ten years after that fatal picnic, her father came once again to Glade.

He longed to see her—not to see his child, but to see the woman who was to her as a mother. He had never ceased to love her, he had never forgotten her graceful beauty. But she struck him afresh with a strong sense of her superiority when he did see her after these long years. She was a splendid woman, and his eyes flashed and his heart beat at the sight of beauty as warmly now as in his younger days. Her husband was old; she could not love him, Gerald Adair felt sure. He saw her once, twice, thrice, approaching her, as it were, more nearly each time. He could not understand why, having loved him once so well, she had made no sign when his wife died. A few words would have brought him to her side then, though in his careless way he had not deemed it worth his while to come without them. Above all, why had she married an old man like Fanshawe? He determined to ask her these questions as soon as possible.

One morning he rode over to the Fanshawes, and found the beautiful châtelaine alone in her morning-room. She was looking more splendid than ever, he thought—the sort of woman who would never grow old and wearisome. For a time she talked to him of Beatrix; but the subject of Beatrix did not interest him now—he wanted to speak of Violet and himself.

"Did you know that I was in England when Beatrix's mother died?" he asked.

"Yes; I heard of you from Mrs. Arbuthnot when your wife died."

"Yet you never wrote to me," he said, reproachfully.

"It would have been a mockery for me to write condolences," she said.

"I did not mean condolences," he said, impatiently; "there were other words that you might have written then—words of hope and encouragement."

For his daughter's sake she—the married woman—was patient with him, though her pride and her anger were rising.

"Those words could not have gone from me to you," she said, calmly.

"Mrs. Fanshawe—Violet, tell me why you kept true to me so long only to marry at last," he said, passionately.

She rose up and gravely faced him. "I was true to my self-imposed charge, your child," she said, earnestly. "I would not marry till I could make her independent of the neglect and scorn and contumely to which her father's neglect subjected her. This" (holding up her wedding-ring) "was put upon my hand by the same one that dowered your daughter; it tells me that all intercourse must cease between us, if I am to go on trying to teach Beatrix to love and respect her father; it is a bar of gold between me and such questioning as you have forced upon me. You shall not come to my husband's house now that you have disregarded my husband's claims."

"You are harsher to me than when I nearly broke your heart," he muttered.

"And I promised never to look less kindly or speak less kindly to you than I did then," she said. "You have forced me to break that promise; but this bar of gold will prevent your ever doing it again." Then she said good-by to him, and went away feeling that he had been a hero to her once, and that this was a hard truth which had come home to her—namely, that each time he had wrung her heart and hurt her, it had been through idleness and selfishness.

REVELATIONS OF A CONVENT.

THE *Presse* of Vienna publishes the following horrible details of the incarceration of a nun:

"On Tuesday, the 20th instant, an anonymous notice reached the Criminal Court at Cracow to the effect that in the Convent of the Carmelite barefooted nuns one of the order, named Barbara Ubryk, had been forcibly kept in close confinement in a dark cell for a long number of years. The Vice-President of the Criminal Court, Ritter von Antohiewicz, immediately laid this information before a judge of inquiry, who, in company with the public prosecutor, repaired to the Bishop, Von Galecki, with the request to permit them to enter the convent. Herr von Galecki suggested to the judge that the notice might have arisen out of a false report; but when the officer of justice urged him to give him an ecclesiastical assistant, he declared that he would grant the request in his capacity as Papal delegate, and subdelegated the Papal Prelate Spital, a very intelligent and worthy priest. In his company and that of his actuary, Kwialkowski, the judicial witnesses, Stanislaus Gralewski and Theophil Parvi, the judge drove to the convent. The latter, which is one of the strictest female orders, is situated in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Cracow. Thousands of people passed these sombre cloister walls without even suspecting the fearful tragedy that was being enacted within for twenty-one years. The convent was first entered by Father Spital, and the commission went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuns, one of whom showed the judge the cell of Sister Barbara. This cell, between the pantries, close to the dung-hole, had a walled-up window and a double wooden door, in which there was a movable grating, through which, very probably, food was handed in. The cell, seven paces long by six paces wide, was opened, but it is almost impossible to describe the view this piece of inquisition of the nineteenth century presented. In a dark, infected hole adjoining the sewer sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half insane woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands and pitifully implored: 'I am hungry: have pity on me; give me meat, and I shall be obedient............' This hole, for it could hardly be called a chamber, besides containing all kinds of dirt and filth, and a dish with rotten potatoes, was deficient of the slightest decent accommodation. There was nothing—no stove, no bed, no table, no chair—it was neither warmed by a fire nor by the rays of the sun. This den the inhuman Sisters, who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had selected as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for twenty-one years—since 1848. For twenty-one years the Gray Sisters daily passed this cell, and not one of them ever thought of taking compassion on this poor outcast prisoner. Half human being, half animal, with a filthy body, with thin knock-kneed legs, hollow cheeks, closely shorn dirty head, unwashed for years, came a horrible-looking being forward, such as Dante in his wildest imagination was unable to picture. With her deeply sunk eyes staring on one spot knelt this wretched victim in her cell in the Convent of the Carmelites. The judge instantly ordered the nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishop Galecki. The Bishop was deeply moved, and, turning to the assembled nuns, he vehemently reproached them for their inhumanity. 'Is this,' he said, 'what you call love of your neighbor? Furies, not women, that you are, is it thus that you purpose to enter the kingdom of heaven?' The nuns ventured to excuse their conduct, but the Bishop would not hear them. 'Silence, you wretches!' he exclaimed; 'away, out of my sight, you who disgrace religion!' The Bishop and Prelate at once suspended the Father Confessor, and also the Superioress, who is descended from an old honorable Polish noble family. The Bishop ordered Nun Barbara Ubryk to be brought into a clean cell, and there to be dressed and nursed. When the unhappy nun was led away, she asked anxiously whether she would be brought back to her grave; and when asked why she had been imprisoned, she answered: 'I have broken the vow of chastity, but,' pointing with a fearfully wild gesture and in great excitement to the Sisters, 'they are not angels.' The investigation has commenced. The Lady Superior declared that Barbara Ubryk was kept in close confinement since 1848 by order of the physician, because of her unsound mind. But this physician died in 1848, and the present physician, Dr. Babrzynski, who has been practicing in the convent for the last seven years, has never seen Barbara Ubryk. Such treatment, in the opinion of the doctors, is sufficient to drive a person mad. On account of the importance of the case, the Attorney-General has taken the matter in hand. The exasperation of the people knows no bounds. It is stated that the Bishop intends to dissolve the convent."

IMPORTANCE OF HYGIENE.

A LITTLE *brochure*, entitled "Hygiene in its relations to Therapeusis," by ALFRED L. CARROLL, M.D. (published by TURNER & MIGNARD, New York), will certainly command the attention of thoughtful readers. This paper was read before the New York Medical Association, June 25, 1869. The author shows that the best physicians of ancient and modern times have relied more upon hygienic measures than on the administration of drugs. "Many maladies," he says, "formerly supposed to demand the most energetic interference of medical art, are now known to be self-limiting, with a natural tendency to termination in health, and not capable of being shortened or materially modified by the administration of drugs; and it seems probable that all so-called acute diseases may be classed in this category."

Dr. Carroll goes on to classify morbid conditions under three heads, and to specify the hygienic agents adapted to the treatment of disease. The following is his classification of diseases:

1st.—Those (very few in number) which may be treated exclusively by drugs having a specific (toxic, physiological, or chemical) action, independently of hygienic influences. To these belong certain local diseases; cases of poisoning, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral; of mechanical obstruction; etc.

2d.—Those (a large majority, perhaps, in the present state of our knowledge) which must be treated with drugs and hygienic agents combined, either of which would be insufficient without the other. Among them will be found many chronic organic diseases, especially those of the digestive and circulatory systems; some of the neuroses; etc.

3d.—A class (much larger than is commonly supposed), including not only the self-limiting diseases, but nearly all functional difficulties not dependent on lesions of structure; the various deviations from the normal standard of nutrition, etc.; which may be most appropriately treated by hygienic means alone, to the exclusion of medicaments.

The hygienic agents which may be adapted to the treatment of disease are, chiefly:

1st.—Alimentation; including food, drink, so-called accessory food, and the employment of those mineral waters, or other substances, which supply elements deficient in the organism.
2d.—Air; including ventilation, hygrometric condition, density or rarefaction, artificial increase of the percentage of oxygen, etc.
3d.—Temperature; including climate, clothing, heating of rooms, etc.
4th.—Exercise; including its antithesis, rest; passive exercise; friction; etc.
5th.—Bathing, general or local.
6th.—Electrical influences.
7th.—Sunlight.
8th.—Agents, not included under any of the above heads, which affect one or more of the secretions or excretions.

Other influences of decidedly remedial nature exist in sleep, relaxation, mental and moral conditions; but these are less within our control, and although we may frequently recognize, and urge upon the patient their importance, neither we nor our clients can commonly enforce their operation.

In the demonstration which follows, showing the importance of these hygienic agents as compared with drugs, Dr. Carroll is very clear, and his arguments are conclusive. Indeed, we are convinced by a perusal of this paper that every man has within his reach the best remedy for most human ailments, and that his ignorance as to their application is all that compels him to resort to the doctor and to the doctor's physic. The best physicians of the day are those who use the fewest drugs. Our readers will hear more from Dr. Carroll in the columns of this journal, through communications from his own pen, upon this all-important subject.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN enterprising aspirant for the honors of "mine host," located in one of the new but thriving railroad towns of Iowa, issues a business-card, by means of which he discourses to would-be patrons thusly: "Clean Beds, Square Meals, no Brown Sugar, and Good Sample Room. No Live or Dead Beats wanted. Barber Shop connected with this House." On being asked what was meant by "square meals" the good man replied: "Dried apples for breakfast, milk for dinner, and *let 'em swell for supper*."

A FINE HOME FOR MICE—Nibble-o's.

GOOD PLACE FOR A NURSERY—The Rocky Mountains.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

Three things to womankind belong,
 This universe of ours all over;
And from their use, or right or wrong,
 Not all the universe may move her.
The first to tease her faithful lover;
 The second to coquet; the third—
And that which oft'nest we discover—
 To argue points the most absurd,
And, right or wrong, *to have the latest word!*

"What makes you so glum, Tom?" "Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaper.

Some of the deacons "down East" seem to have a bad practice of snoring loudly while asleep in church, which appears to disturb some folks there, as a Maine paper recently had the following polite notice for one of them:

"Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon has begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whisky got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said: "Jim, let's go to another house—this hotel leaks."

Two physicians at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the discussion by saying: "Very well, have it your own way now, but the *post-mortem* will show that I am right." The patient was not much encouraged.

A physician stopped at the shop of a country apothecary and asked for a pharmacopœia. "Sir," said the apothecary, "I know of no such farmer living about these parts."

Jenkins lost his almanac yesterday, and did not know whether to wear an over-coat or a linen duster. His wife told him it was summer, so he started out with the duster, but soon came back, saying: "I don't care a continental what time of year it is, I want my winter clothes." He was sensible.

A volume of water can not be called dry reading.

On the occasion of an eclipse, a colored individual in Norfolk, Virginia, became greatly elated. "Bress de Lord," said he, "niggers' time hab come at last, and now we gwine to hab a black sun."

"What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" asked a superintendent of a Sunday-school. "They dried themselves!" said a shrill-voiced little girl.

Two Yankees strolling in the woods, without any arms in their possession, observed a bear climbing a tree, with its paws clasped around the trunk. One of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws, one in each hand. He then called out to his comrade, "Jonathan, run home and bring me something to kill this varmint; and mind you don't stay, for I'm in a fix."

Jonathan ran off, but staid a long time. During the interval the bear made several desperate attempts to bite the hand of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

"Hullo! what kept you so long?"

"Well, I'll tell you. When I got home breakfast was ready, so I staid to eat it."

"Well," said his comrade, "come now, and hold the critter till I kill it."

Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal.

"Well, have you hold of him?"

"I guess I have."

"Very well, then. Hold fast, for I'm off for dinner."

The pastor of a popular church at a Sunday-school concert said: "Boys, when I heard your beautiful songs to-night I had to work hard to keep my feet still; what do you suppose is the trouble with them?" "Chilblains, Sir!" shouted a little six-year-old.

How perfectly satisfactory was the conduct of that brave old Puritan who rode up to the door of the house of the girl of his choice, and having desired her to be called out to him, said, without circumlocution, "Rachel, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee!" when the girl answered, with equal promptness and devoutness, "The Lord's will be done!"

YOUNG LADY. "Oh! I am so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?"

OLD SQUAB. "Well, I think the goose, with plenty of stuffing, is about as good as any."

A *Tribune* correspondent dined at a house in California, when the hostess expressed a desire to see a greenback specimen. He produced a crumpled twenty-five cent postal currency. She turned it over and over with keen curiosity. "It seems very strange to me that this should be money," she said. "It don't look like money." "What *does* it look like?" "Well" (hesitatingly, and with the utmost sincerity), "it—looks—like—*a label for an oyster can!*"

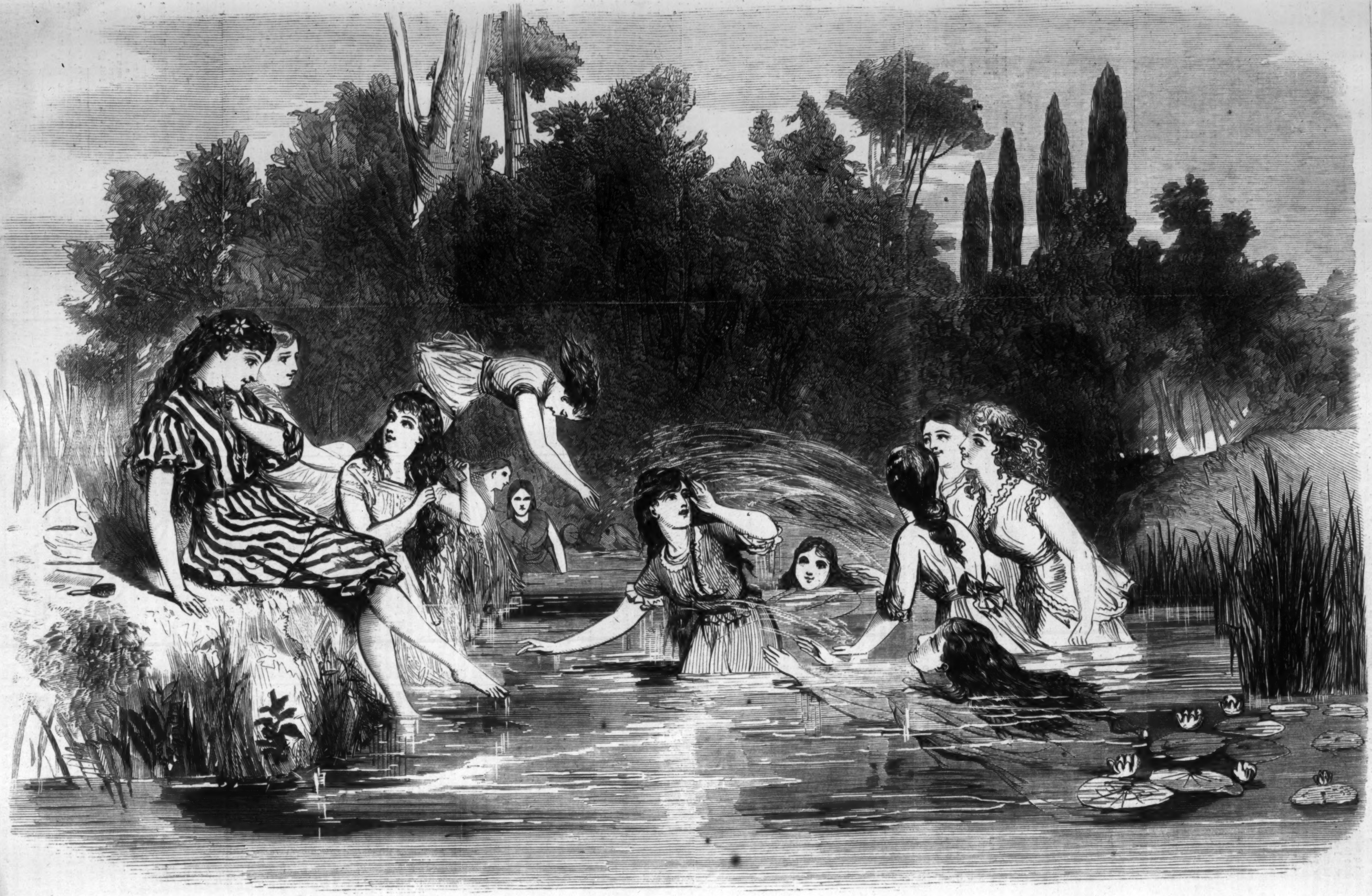
A New Hampshire editor, who has been keeping a record of big beets, announces at last that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets, whether the original beet, the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet."

A young lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:

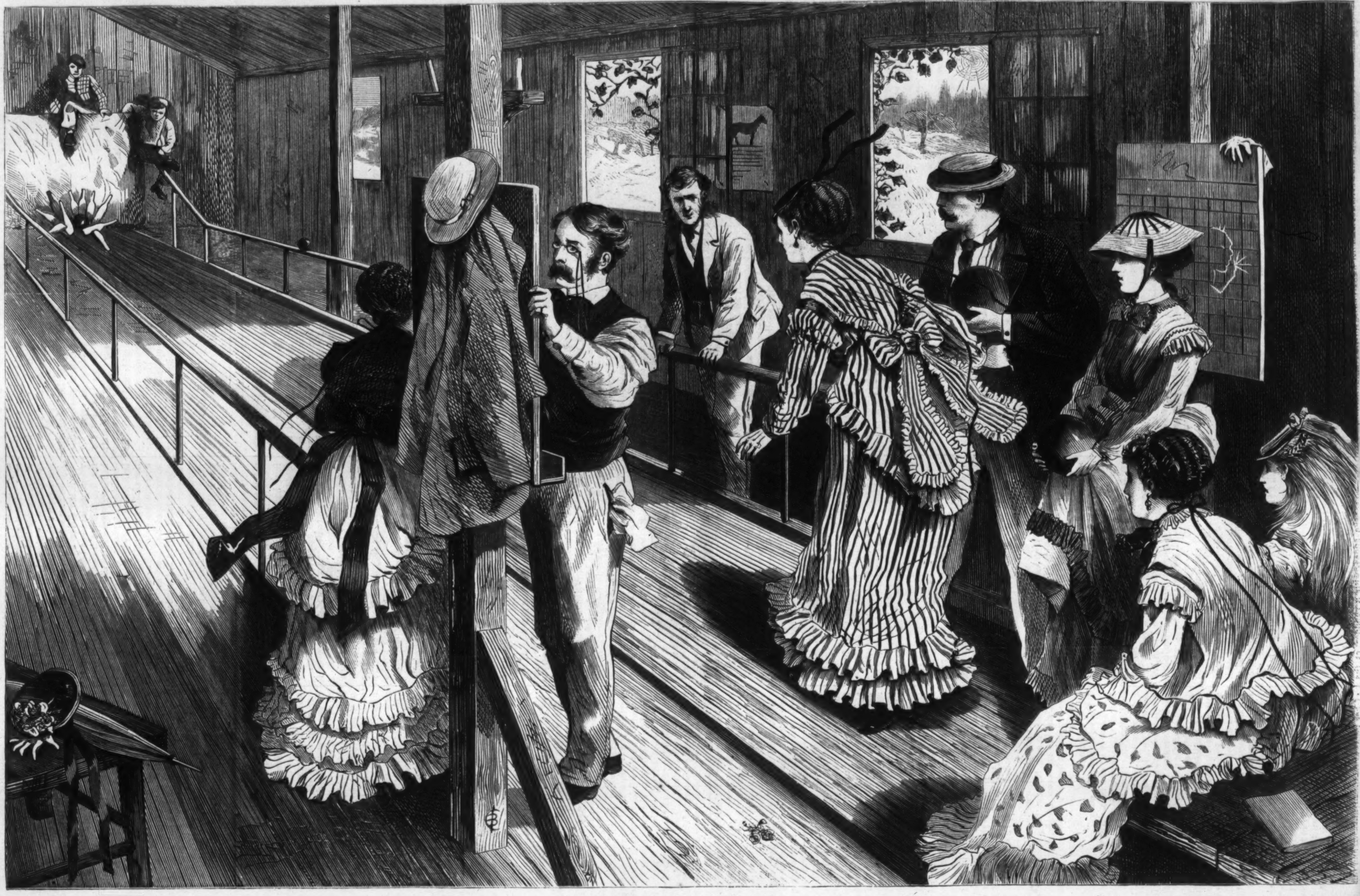
"The size of my neck! That's remarkably strange,
And admits of a very significant range;
A neck-tie, a collar, sore throat, a halter,
And others, enough to make a man falter;
Let this tender reply anxiety check,
The length of your arm will just go round my
 neck!"

"My son," said an anxious father, "why do you use that nasty tobacco?" The boy, declining to consider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied: "To get the juice."

A musician, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said one day to his little son at the table: "You must eat bread, boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little boy replied, "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up!"



DUCKS IN THE WATER.



A TEN-STRIKE.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOVE TURNED TO TEARS AND TEARS TO FIRE.

Azalea passed, with stumbling feet and bent head, through the dark passages that led from the room where Mowbray basked by the fire, to the back-door of the house; habit, that trick of custom which asserts its supremacy even during those periods when human souls are sustaining the keenest agony they are capable of experiencing—habit made her put out her hands before her to guard her head from concussion with any unseen object.

She reached the back-door at last, and pulling back the heavy bolts, paused on the threshold, awed for an instant by the calm beauty of the scene before her. The moonlight was shining brightly down the court-yard; the deer's head, the antlers of which stood in shadowy abruptness over the old-fashioned clock, was steeped in the cold brightness; the sombrous groups of trees that rose up behind the old-fashioned gables; the distant baa of a sheep disturbed in the fold—all spoke of serenest peace.

A heart less bitter would have been calmed by the solemn loveliness of the scene. But Azalea was suffering an agony keener than death. It may be cruelly hard for one who yearns to live to yield up the last breath that divides the living day and awesome darkness of the night which "knows no morning." But when death is in your heart; when the last throb of faith is sobbed out, and the warmth of a great love turns to ashes; when passion, treacherous and subtle, still lingers to sting the old wound into agony, is not that harder to endure than a mere sighing out of failing breath, a simple surrender of all physical sensation? Azalea walked quickly through the court-yard. She dreaded observation or comment on her movements. She need not have feared either. Her lover was still dozing by the fire. Old Sally was peering over her needlework in the kitchen chimney corner. The watchdog barked as she passed. The cold worm on the path writhed under her hasty feet—but these were the only living things affected by her movements. She walked quickly through the dew-wet glooms of the avenue, and only paused when she came to a shadow more dense, a spot more secluded than any which she had yet penetrated, and there she flung herself down on the grass, she clenched her hot hands in the cool herbage, and turned the agony of her eyes toward the stars; their serene indifference exasperated her. She asked herself, fiercely, why all should be so calm when her heart was in torment. She moaned aloud in her pain, and then she cast her face to the earth and cried, "Oh, my love, my love!"

The adjuration was addressed to a memory rather than a reality. The words had no sooner past her lips than she knew them to be a lie. She had no love now. All was frustration and barrenness.

"Oh," she said, "is there no end to this? Can not I die and cease to feel?"

Looking up she caught sight of the light that glimmered in the library window; her eyes softened for an instant as she involuntarily pictured to herself the graceful head of her lover, thrown back on the cushioned chair, the eyes closed in sleep, the full lips half opened under the shadow of the drooping mustache. She was seized with an irresistible longing to go and look in at the window. Her love was outraged, her heart bruised, but she was a woman, and she could not keep away from the hand that had dealt her mortal agony.

Thurstan was still sleeping when Azalea reached the house. She leaned back in the framework of magnolia leaves which fringed the casement, and looked at him long and steadfastly. Presently he stirred and called her name.

"Are you not coming?" she heard him say.

A strange smile played round her pallid lips as she passed round the house and re-entered the portal.

"Yes, I am coming," she said, softly, to herself.

Thurstan was in high spirits to-night. He hummed snatches of song as he lolled on the old damask sofa, his arm folded round Azalea's waist, his head pillowed on her breast.

The fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. The revolving shadow of the mill, the darkening night, and the eerie gusts of wind that wailed through its cloudy gloom, were shut out by the ruddy sheen of high crimson satin curtains.

A faint smell of dead flowers came from a vase that stood on a small table near Azalea.

"You have not put fresh ones in to-night," Thurstan said, referring to the shriveled leaves he was crumbling in his disengaged hand.

"No," she answered, quietly. "I did not pick any flowers to-night."

"What have you been doing, sweet?" he asked, yawning slightly. He was so good-tempered, he could afford to feign an interest he did not feel in her proceedings; but he might have spared himself this little effort of politeness, for Azalea did not hear, or, if she heard, did not heed his question.

Could any lorn wayfarer have peeped in at the casement his heart would have throbbed with envy at the apparent luxuriousness of the scene within.

Dusky grapes were piled up in an old china dish near Thurstan's hand; in the exuberance of his content he dangled the misty berries before Azalea's face, rubbing off the bloom against the red lips which refused to open and receive them, and then swallowing them himself, between the pauses of his song.

The room seemed o'erbrimming with comfort. Even Thurstan was dimly affected by the sensuous repose of the hour.

"I almost wish that I were not going to-morrow," he sighed.

"Stay, then," Azalea said. They were the first words she had spoken this evening, but Thurstan had been too preoccupied to observe her silence.

"Do you wish me to stay?" He looked into her face with a sudden access of passion thrilling his heart and brightening his eyes. He would have drawn her toward him, but she averted her head, and quietly disengaged his arms from her waist.

"I do not know," she said; and this time he was struck by the faintness of her tones.

"You are tired," he said, kindly. "It is bed-time. Shall I carry you up stairs?"

She shook her head; so he passed before her and bounded lightly up the dark oak steps, singing and smiling as he went.

His heart was holding festival that night, while hers was black with storm.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW THEY PARTED.

The night was far advanced, and Thurstan slept soundly, happily unconscious of all the tragedy in the wakeful face bent over his.

She had watched him thus for some hours; he had drawn her head to his shoulder and bade her lie there, and she obeyed at first, but as soon as he slept she sat up again, feeling as if she were suffocated by his touch. The blank dullness of her pain was passing away. She no longer stared at his face without meaning. She no longer asked herself, "Is it so?" In those dark hours the doubt had strengthened into terrible distinctness. She looked at his hand still warm with the clasp of her own, at his lips which had lately sought hers with a sleepy good-night kiss; in her heart she repelled the treachery of his caresses, and loathed the cheat he put on her.

"You are false—false—false," she said. "Your face is hateful to me."

He turned his head into the line of a moonbeam, that streamed across his pillow, and a wild thought came into her mind.

"Supposing that moonbeam could kill you. Supposing that you were to die to-night, that you could not move again. Suppose, Thurstan, that I were to make you so that she could never hear your footstep, or blush at your voice, or return your kisses excepting in memory. I should grudge her the memory, though, and should have to kill her so that she might not think of you."

How handsome he looked as he slumbered thus—the moonlight shining on his close curled head, round throat, and noble outline of chest, the somewhat stern character of his beauty softened by the pathetic helplessness of sleep!

"He was not meant to die yet," she mused, as she leaned her chin on her hand and watched him with white face and burning eyes.

He was not meant to die yet, she thought, not until he had worn out all that strength, until his full voice was cracked and thin, his bright eyes dull, and his firm steps feeble; but if he died now he would tell no more lies, would die in the bloom of manhood, in her arms, hers would be the last kiss he felt—he should never rise from that bed to meet another woman's welcome!

The dark thought was standing out clear in her mind now; that which her heart foreboded when she heard his careless laugh by the fire-place down stairs, was now fashioned into a determination.

"He must die, he must die!" she repeated to herself, and the clock that chimed on the stairs, and the branch that beat against the window-pane, seemed to echo her words. She started when she heard a faint chirrup and stir in the elm-tree outside. "It will soon be morning," she thought. She unclasped his hand gently from her arm, and laid it by his side; then she slid away from the bed, and felt her way to the pistol-case that stood on the drawers near Mowbray's head.

"I always said it was dangerous, keeping loaded pistols in the room; but Thurstan liked to have some protection in this lonely old house—he did not think who would use them against him—but then he should not have murdered me first."

She stole back noiselessly, her delicate little hand overborne by the weight of the deadly instrument it carried, and then she crept into bed and looked again at the sleeper.

"Why should he not die?"

This man had been the only human thing she had ever cherished. No mother's hand had ever blessed her head; no sister had laughed and wept by her side during youth's April season of blithe joy and impulsive sorrow. But she did not feel that she had missed any thing from her life after she knew Thurstan Mowbray. She reverenced his slightest word; her vivid sympathies had made his wishes her own. She lowered her fine intellect by striving to bring it to the level of his narrow capabilities. She cared not for heights he could not ascend. She took no pleasure in perceiving a poetical when he could only see the practical aspects.

So far from feeling discomfort at being misunderstood, it was the constant endeavor of her heart to restrain the soarings of a mind that was apt to range above the scope of her lover's mental vision.

Some women had loved Thurstan Mowbray for the benefits they had reaped from his hands; others had fed his vanity with ephemeral devotion, born of lust and idleness; many had given him love-tokens worth gold and silver; but this woman had trampled down her mind at his feet, and every faculty of her being rejoiced in the sacrifice—if sacrifice it could be called; for her whole heart gloried in its consummation. He was all in all to her; she prized even her beauty only because it pleased him; she exulted in life only when the day was brightened by his presence. She would not have cared if all the hours of his absence had been struck out of her total of existence; without him, her heart ached with heaviness; with him, she was as a bird mad with joy because spring has come.

All the divine fervor with which a southern worshiper lays her best and purest thoughts at the feet of some imaged deity; all the intense half-savage tenderness with which a wild animal cherishes its young, this desolate woman had lavished on him who was the one life of her life, the alpha and omega of her existence. And now she was watching him there, while the dark hours slipped into gray, and asking her heart why her hand should not murder all the beautiful part of her life, since it had turned into treachery, foulness, and falsehood. Why should those dark eyes open again to look a lie into her own? Why should he ever know light or speech again, since he had made light loathsome, and sound intolerable to her?

Between his face and hers kept rising the glitter of two sentences. She could even see the shape of the letters, and recognize his handwriting; but they quivered perpetually, so that they made her eyes ache. So she hid her face in her hands, and when she next looked up they were gone; but she heard them singing in her ears, "I never loved any but you:" "to-morrow I shall kiss you again."

"To-morrow I shall kiss you again," Azalea repeated, vaguely; then she touched his lips with a sort of tender pity. "No, they will never kiss living thing again; they will be too cold and stiff; but I shall kiss them, for then they will not be able to stab me with lies, to dishonor me by inconstancy."

The clock struck four. She looked hurriedly round.

"Supposing he were to wake," she thought; "he would not let me do it."

She put her hand on the trigger of the pistol, and lifted it to a level with his breast. She leaned over him, so that her hair fell in shadowy profusion over the pistol, and over the warm heaving bosom it almost touched.

He had deceived and injured her; but her large heart would have pardoned him that wrong. He might have withered her body with physical torture, and she would have kissed him, smiling the while; he had cramped her mind, and she had hugged the mental fetters, judging them to be sweeter than crowns of honor; but against this injury the whole of her passionate nature rebelled; in proportion to the greatness of her love was the mightiness of its wreck.

When her thoughts first collected themselves from the miserable chaos of confusion and despair in which the discovery of his falsehood had plunged them, she had prayed, "Let me die."

But afterward, when she again felt the magic of his touch, the caress of his lips, a fierce thrill of jealousy kindled her dull anguish into fury.

"Rather than have you touch her, rather than be left here alone to brood over her love passages with my other self, I would pass eternity in torment."

She never moved her eyes from his face when she put her hand down on that cold little toy of iron, which was to turn sleep into death.

Her pale lips never quivered; the madness of much thought, the rack of intolerable suffering, had blighted all softer signs of emotion from her face. The tenseness of her agony found expression but in one idea:

"He shall die!"

He lay there a model of manly strength and human beauty, helpless in his unconsciousness as a feeble infant. She steadied her hold on the pistol, and put the other arm about his neck. She thought she would kiss him and pull the trigger at the same moment. She would have the last embrace of his living lips.

She slid her fingers round his throat, and (Thurstan Mowbray never knew how near he was to solving the great peut-être in the gray dawn of this autumn morning) disturbed by the movement, or stirred by some vagrant dream, he turned toward her with a smile, and putting out his arm, drew her hand and the deadly instrument it held, over his bosom; then drooping his head on her breast, he relapsed again into deep slumber.

She stared at him with wild eyes while he gathered her in his arms. She felt the hand and that which it held sliding over the beating pulses of his heart. She raised herself and looked first at *it*, and then with a deep-drawn breath she bowed her face on his hands, and covered them with kisses, and her slender form was shaken by husky passionate sobs and tears. The unnatural strain had given way; the fierce jealousy, the murderous resolve, all melted into a murmurous sound of caressing words, a rush of bitter tears.

"Oh, my love, my love; how can I help loving you? Can I tear my heart from my body? Can I blot out all the days and hours when I lived, and when you were my life; for it is I that am dead. I am dead, Thurstan, and you have killed me."

She removed the pistol gently from its proximity, so perilous to the sleeper, and replaced it in the case. Then she knelt down and tried to pray; to give thanks to Heaven for having preserved her from the commission of a great sin, with its inheritance of bitter remorse; but in her heart she knew that it was not an inspiration of repentance, but her lover's unwitting caress that had held her hand from his destruction, and she did not dare to lift up her face to God; but after murmuring a mechanical formula of prayer, she rose and once more bent over her lover's head.

"I will never see you wake, not that I would hurt you," she added, with a shudder, at the memory of what her thoughts had been half an hour since; "but because I could not bear to hear your voice or to meet your eyes—the old frenzy might come back, and then you would not be safe from me."

Then her pale face, passion-warped and stained with tears, hovered an instant above the sleeping man, and her lips closed on his in the last kiss she was ever to give human creature.

How much of despair, how little of sweetness lived in that caress, those who have known the sore trouble of a broken heart can best tell.

Later in the morning, when Thurstan awoke and found there was no Azalea to attend him at his morning meal, he was naturally disturbed and irritated. He supposed that she had gone out for one of those early walks she was so fond of; he thought it very unkind and inconsistent of her. She might have remembered that he was obliged to leave by an early train. He grumbled and fretted all breakfast-time; he even went to the window once or twice, to see if she were coming, and then he swore, drank down his coffee, which was smoked (this adding to his feeling of injury), and taking out his watch, calculated how long he could afford to linger ere it would be necessary for him to set out for the station. He waited until the last moment, and then started off; he would much like to have kissed her ere he went. He would have liked by his caresses to atone in some measure for the injury of which he believed she was unconscious; but he had appointed with Lady Di to meet her in town at a certain hour, and if he missed this train he would be too late. So he scrawled the following note to Azalea:

"*Dearest little woman. Why are you not here to bid me good-by? I miss you dreadfully. If you want to write to me, address to the Club. I would not leave by this train, but I have an important business engagement in London*" (how mean a detected lie makes a man seem!) "*which I can not postpone. I do not expect to be able to get away again for some time, as I've had all my long leave out; but be sure I shall come back to you as soon as I can,—Your ever loving, T. M.*"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

That night Douglas received a scrap of paper on which was written the word "Come."

The only words he uttered when he read this appeal were, "So soon!" and then he hastened to Auriel.

"Miss Azalea seems very ill," old Sally said, meeting him with a face more wearied than alarmed. Sally's life had been such a long continued weariness that she was deadened to any keen phase of feeling. With her, and such as she, the lightning flash of emotion is rarely felt: the cloud only deepens.

The painful excitement of the last twenty-fout hours had been fatal to a naturally delicate and highly sensitive organization, and Douglas found Azalea prostrated by the first symptoms of the fever called inflammatory.

"My head aches so, Robert," she moaned, as he stood beside her, "and I feel, oh, so weary!"

He offered to send for Mowbray, but she showed such distress at the idea that he did not again repeat the suggestion. It was not until she had been ill for several days—it was not until the doctor looked grave, and his own heart stood still with fear—that he thought it his duty to acquaint Mowbray of her danger. He wrote to the latter's address in London, but gained no answer, the truth being that Captain Mowbray had, by a great exertion of influence, induced the authorities to grant him a week's more leave, which week he was spending pleasantly at Paris, whither Lady Di Merton was also gone.

As Azalea's fever increased and delirium disordered her mind, Douglas could not but rejoice in Mowbray's absence. To grant her a moment's pleasure he would have sacrificed his strongest wishes; but he could not conceal from himself what little comfort remained to him in this hour of her danger consisted in the fact of his being her sole friend. In health and happiness she was Mowbray's. Now, in the depths of her physical and mental distress, he could claim her his.

"This fever is technically called Synochres," the doctor said, between his pinches of snuff. "If she has any other friends, I would advise you to send for them."

"Robert!"

"My darling!"

"Send those people away."

"There is no one here, darling. No one but Robert, who loves you."

"Take care of me, Robert."

"I will; I do. You know I do. Look at me, Azalea. See, I have got your hand."

His harsh voice melted into a murmur of ineffable tenderness as he knelt down and clasped in his hand the girl's slender fingers.

She withdrew them slowly; her thoughts seemed variable and insequent as the autumn leaves that whirled past the window. For a while she looked down thoughtfully on some flowers Douglas had placed near her pillow; she drew them toward her, and looked at them with curious intentness, then she commenced hastily plucking them to pieces.

"These are the people who have been unkind to me," she said, hurriedly. "Let us destroy them and fling them away. Not fling them away," she added, suddenly, in a tone of gentle courtesy. "You see, Robert, the scent is oppressive, and it would be better to put them out of the room because I am ill, you know."

These sudden recalls of reason, the struggle of her mind to reassert its power, and the effort to conceal its weakness, were more terrible to

Douglas than her wildest hallucinations. His heart felt to be breaking. Flinging himself on his knees, he looked up with all his soul's agony concentrated in his eyes. "O Father!" he cried, "restore her mind. Give back the one godlike attribute of our nature. How can I comfort her when her thoughts have wandered beyond the pale of human reason? How can I tell her of Thee, when she is as heedless of my meaning as the vilest brute creature of Thy earth?"

"Are you looking at the sunset?" Azalea said, softly. "I think there will be rain to-morrow; the sun is setting behind a bank of clouds. It is very late. I shall go to sleep."

She turned on her side, and Douglas lifted away, reverentially, the long trails of loose fair hair that fell over her face with the movement. Her beautiful tresses had the dull blight of illness on them; but to Douglas they were lovelier now than in the old days, when they glistened like spun gold in the sunshine, and danced in every sigh of the wind.

She slumbered for a while a short uneasy sleep; and Douglas sat watching her, his face calm, but dark with restrained pain. He dared not relieve the savage agony of his grief by allowing his breast to shake with one sob, or his eyes to be dimmed for an instant, lest she should wonder at and ask the cause of his trouble. He could only sit there, assuming a look of content whenever she turned her face toward him, and meeting the wistful doubt in her eyes with a reassuring smile.

Such smiles they were!—they seared his face with deeper wrinkles, and mocked him in the opposite mirror with their ghastly reflections of assumed mirth. Such smiles as a mother gives to the terrified glances of her babe when it sobs out its innocent life in the agony of a fell disease;—such as those with which the Israelitish General may have greeted the welcoming eyes of his doomed daughter. Such smiles as are fraught with sharper pain than our hottest tears—were these which this man gave as a tribute to the last and greatest love of his life.

Ere she had slept many minutes Azalea awoke, panting, her eyes dilated and anxious.

"Oh!" she cried, "Topaz is running away with the wind over the hills, and I can't catch him, he goes so fast; he will run into the clouds, and then he will never come back."

"I will stop him," Douglas said, soothingly; "I will go after him at once. But oh, Azalea!" he added, with a breaking voice, "why do you look at me so—don't you know me?"

She turned the strangely lustrous eyes on him, and, staring at him fixedly, said:

"Not in the least; but I am happy to make your acquaintance. I suppose they have sent you to take me away? It is too soon; I will not go yet."

"Oh! not yet—not yet; God forbid that it should be yet!" Douglas said, bowing his face on her hands, and kissing them with despairing tenderness.

A shy smile irradiated her wan face.

"You must be Thurstan," she whispered. "No one but Thurstan loved me like that; he was my husband, you know."

"It is—it is time for you to sleep," Douglas stammered, as he gently let her hands free. "It is bedtime; try and sleep now."

"I always seem to be going to bed," she muttered, impatiently. "Why do I never get up in the morning? I shall get up to-morrow and feed the birds myself."

Presently she flung her arms up in a paroxysm of terror.

"I can not see!" she cried; "take me to the light."

The room was ablaze with candle-light; and Douglas became nearly frantic at the sight of her vehement agitation, and the inefficacy of his efforts to prove to her that she was not in darkness.

"Oh, it is all dark—so dark," she moaned; "and I shall be lost. He will never find me any more."

She struck her arms out wildly, crying that "*It* was coming after her again." Then she clung convulsively to Douglas, entreating him to save her—not to let *it* take her away down the dark road between the clouds.

"Azalea, my child, it is nothing," urged Douglas, in the extremity of his distress. "Nothing shall touch you; nothing shall harm you."

But his heart stood still when he remembered how near the silent enemy was to the shrinking form in his arms—an enemy no prayers could appease, no terror move; an enemy from which not all the dumb anguish of his imploring eyes, nor the passionate throbbings of his aching heart, could shield her.

She sank down, at last, shuddering violently; still clutching his hands and entreating to be taken to the daylight. Douglas looked at the dark shadows of the deepening night, and prayed that she might sleep away the long, dreary hours that must elapse before the first gray tint of dawn crept up behind the black fir grove.

She was quiet at length from sheer exhaustion, but her eyes were still alert and anxious; and the drawn, pale face quivered painfully as her gaze followed every waver of the flickering candle-flame. The miserable, heart-weary watcher poured out a few drops of sedative, and held it to her lips. The kindly draught lured the troubled spirit to rest, and in a few minutes Douglas had the negative satisfaction of seeing the drawn face relax, and the distended eyes soften in the shadow of sleep.

During the lagging hours that followed, Douglas sat motionless, his haggard face turned toward the window. He dared not look long at the wreck of the creature he so loved, lest his composure should give way, and she be startled from slumber by his passion of lamentation.

He cursed the hours that were slipping away so fast, bearing with them the last minutes of her numbered hours; he cursed the darkness that crawled so heavily over tree and meadow, sky and water; and yet more he loathed the thought of the dawn, which might rise for him alone.

She was dying—his darling "was dying—dying—dying," he repeated the word to himself in a monotonous whisper; and as he whispered it, he locked his hands one in the other until the indentation of his finger-nails drew blood. He had seen death before; he had seen it come by strange chances to men when they had been full of mirth and proud in strength; he had seen it waste their noble thews and sinews into the weakness of a child's limbs. He had seen it met with resignation and with blasphemy—with mad terror and with peaceful joy. He knew its every aspect, and he had learned only too well to recognize its infallible signs.

He would have given all his worldly wealth to any man who had said to him to-night, "Yet hope;" but in his heart he knew that the look had come to Azalea's face which comes but once in life, and that when life is ebbing into death—a look weird-like, but not unlovely—full of strange pathos, as if the perishing flesh rebelled against its approaching dissolution, yet with the foretaste of immortal peace on the serene brow and in the tranced, lustrous eyes.

For some hours she slept quietly, undisturbed by the beating of the ash boughs against the window, or by the loud surging of the rising wind. A storm was thickening the cloudy, dense darkness, and without all was turmoil and confusion. Sudden bursts of rain and hail dashed violently against the window-panes; streams whirled down the water-pipes, wearying Douglas's ears by their monotonous splash. With that curious cognizance of detail which a mind tense with supreme suffering sometimes exhibits, he thought how perturbed must be all the thousand tiny inhabitants of the pipe's hollow, which, having nestled there for warmth and shelter, were now dislodged by this unexpected deluge. How fast the flat wood-louse was running over the leaden ridges—how rapidly the spider was swinging up his flight from that dreadful chasm, leaving his half-dissected fly to be swept away by the torrent!

Then his thought wandered away to far-off scenes. He imaged to himself how loudly the sea must now be roaring over sands and rocks. He pictured wild flights of sea-gulls whirling amidst the foam, portents of storm and disaster. He remembered one dark night of storm years and years ago, when he had seen strong men sucked down like wafts of sea-weed under the great waters. He thought what they must be now, his whilom friends and companions, and shuddered at the thought. At least his darling would rest at peace in an earthly bed; he would know where to seek her; her sleep should be guarded by gay flowers and sculptured effigy. Better so than to be tossed in annihilation by the eternal recurrence of moaning waves.

He was aroused from his vague meditations by the sound of a low, mirthless laugh. His heart seemed to grow suddenly numb, and then to bound into a thousand mad pulsations. Azalea was awake, and was pointing with her finger toward a distant corner of the room.

"Isn't it funny?" she whispered; "he dances there every night with the princess. He says he does it on purpose to amuse me, but it does not amuse me; it hurts me dreadfully." These last words escaped her lips with a sharp cry of pain.

"Oh!" she moaned, "it hurts me so much, so much!" She put her hand to her side, and panted with agony.

Douglas brought a flannel steeped in embrocation, and placed it gently over her chest.

"That is better," she sighed. Then she turned herself on her side, and faced the window.

"Open the shutters, Robert," she said, presently; "the light is coming. I hear the birds singing."

It was a dreary scene the opened window revealed to them.

The wind was still storming through the wet leaves, and the rain had settled into a sullen mist, which hung thickly over the upland. The golden-brown and dapple-skinned cattle moved, dull, hueless shadows, through the white denseness of the meadow; on the lake the flat leaves of the water-lilies were ruffled and torn from their stems by the rush of the swollen stream. The moving sound of waters and the faint chirp of a bird were all that broke the stillness of the colorless dawn.

"Will he come, do you think?" Azalea said, in the hollow voice that had become habitual to her. "Do you see him coming?"

Then observing Douglas hesitate and look perplexed, she added, with asperity,

"Take me to the window, and let me look for myself."

He pushed her bed in the direction she indicated, and she tried to raise herself up, but fell back, weeping with weakness and vexation.

"Lift me up," she wailed. "I can not move by myself."

He propped her up on her pillows, and she inclined her head toward the casement, and rested her cheek on the pane.

"I can't see him," she said, after she had looked some time with eager, wistful eyes in the direction of the avenue. "But perhaps it is because there is no sun."

She drooped down again among the cushions, and cried a little to herself. Douglas bent down to hear what it was she was murmuring. The word was choked by quick breaths and sighs heavy with tears, but it sounded like "Thurstan," and Douglas drew back, stung by intolerable pain.

"Is it always to be so?" he thought, bitterly. "Is love and faith which endure to the end to be nothing compared with the passion which glorified an hour, but has left the whole of her life desolate? Will she never repay me for all, by giving me at least one of her dying thoughts?"

He felt stifled and weary beyond the power of endurance. He rang the bell and summoned old Sally to come and take his place for a few seconds by the sick-bed. Bidding her beckon to him immediately, should any change occur in the patient, he ran down stairs, and went into the wet meadows, keeping, as he had promised, within sight of Azalea's window. The sullen coolness of the dim morning assorted better with his feelings than the gayety of sunshine could have done. He stooped down among the reeds, and dipped his head into the gray waters. Then he went into the old dilapidated conservatory, and felt about the tangles of the vine until he had detected some grapes riper than the others. She could not swallow them now, but they might serve to refresh her dry lips. He did not dare pluck her any of the roses that drooped heavy with rain-drops over the conservatory door. To her distempered imagination, the beautiful playthings of her youth appeared something menacing and fearful.

"Who could ever have thought that Azalea would be afraid of flowers?" Douglas reflected, sadly.

"Sir, she is asking for you," a feeble voice called from above; and in another second he was up stairs again at her door. He was fain to pause when there. Something like dread held back his footsteps, and accelerated the hurried beatings of his heart.

When he entered he met Azalea's eyes, and understood from their expression that she was conscious.

"I am better," she said, smiling sweetly as she spoke.

The old woman hurried from the room, weeping.

"Oh dear, dear!" she sobbed. "To see that poor child smile with a face like that quite breaks my heart."

"Will you please give me a looking-glass?" Azalea continued, speaking the more deliberately from the difficulty she had in articulating.

He brought her a hand-mirror, and, taking it between her wax-like fingers, she looked at herself intently.

It was with a kind of wonder mixed with pathetic self-pity that she surveyed the reflection of her altered features. What she beheld were their pinched nostrils; drawn, colorless cheeks; eyes gleaming with unnatural fire from their purple shadows; floats of pale, dull hair drooping forlornly over her shoulders.

"It don't look like me," she gasped. "Take it away."

Douglas removed the mirror, and she fell back on her pillow, and remained motionless for some time. Presently, after murmuring some inarticulate sounds, and with a great effort, she uttered one word distinctly. It was—

"*Pray!*"

At the same moment she endeavored to clasp her hands together, and Douglas understood that at last the truth was clear to her, and that she knew she was near to death.

He helped her to twine the poor wax-like fingers together, and then he knelt down by her side. He judged that a familiar, well-loved formula would be sweeter to her ears than any other form of worship; and he said the Lord's Prayer very slowly, for she was following the words with her lips, although they made no sound.

Her eyes half closed, and such a change came over her face that he leaned over her, crying—

"Azalea! oh, my darling—my darling!"

She looked up at him with a gleam of recognition in her eyes, and, putting out her hand, patted his bowed head kindly.

"Dear — old — Robert," she said, slowly; "God—bless—"

She broke off with a low sigh; but in these few words lay the recompense of all the years of suffering Robert Douglas had endured.

The dreamless sleep was creeping on her very fast now.

She did not speak again until the warm splendor of the sun streamed into the room and over her face.

Then she raised herself a little, and looked out at the broadening day.

"The storm is over," she said; "and even this—oh, Robert—this is death!"

As she spoke her brow contracted and earth's last pang seized her.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE peach crop this year promises to be immense It is said that Delaware alone will yield over two million baskets. Any one passing through the streets of our city will readily believe, from the abundance of fruit displayed, that the reports from the peach districts may be correct; namely, that the trees are weighed down with ripening fruit. Now is the time for provident housewives to can the luscious, velvet-coated beauties. It will cost but little to lay in a good supply; and when carefully canned, they preserve their freshness perfectly.

A minister who has been recruiting among the Springs of Saratoga writes that the belle of the season wears a dress valued at the amount of his salary for two years, and a set of diamonds equal in value to the cost of a comfortable mission church, with infant room attached, gas-fixtures and cabinet-organ included!

The Alum Springs, located in Rockbridge County, Virginia, are becoming quite fashionable. In connection with the principal hotel there are eighteen one-story brick cottages, each thirty-two feet square, and also several other two-story cottages—all pleasant and airy, and furnished with porticoes. Rockbridge Alum Springs are about eight miles from Goshen, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. There are five springs within a space of twenty-five feet, but only four are used, one having lost its efficiency a few years ago. Alum gives the predominant taste to the waters, although free sulphuric acid, lime, magnesia, protoxide of iron, and other medicinal agents are present. The water is not distasteful, and is drank freely by visitors.

In the way of *personals* it may be mentioned that Bayard Taylor has been elected non-resident Professor of German literature in Cornell University, a post for which he is well fitted.—Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown" has reached a sale of twenty-five thousand copies.—Ida Lewis is overwhelmed with visitors.—By-the-way, they have an "Ida Lewis" in Ohio. A gentleman and his wife, in going to the ferry near Bellevue, Ohio, got into water fifteen feet deep. Miss Lenora Smith, hearing their cries of distress, hastened to their assistance, and in an old skiff, half full of water, propelled with a stick, succeeded in saving the man, and with his help rescued the woman, two horses, and wagon.—Louisa Muhlbach has recently received a splendid tea service from some of her American admirers.—At the ball given to the President at the Stetson House, Long Branch, Mrs. Grant's dress was reported by an observer to have been in "marked contrast to hundreds who promenaded about her with dresses cut in such fashion that even the most *blasé* eye could not fail to note their shameless immodesty."—Tennyson is said to be engaged on another poem. Subject, the ancient legend of the Quest of the Holy Grail—a cup said to have been made of a single emerald, out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and which was filled with His blood at His crucifixion.

The great Colorado Cañon, into whose mysterious depths the Powell Expedition have ventured, is, by report, about five hundred miles long—a subterranean river, with rapids and cascades, flowing between walls of rock from two to three thousand feet high.

The excavation for the Hoosac Tunnel is going forward rapidly. During the month of June they drove the heading in 160 feet at the east end, and equal progress was made in July. The new contractors are having drills made to operate on the roof, which will be ready in September, and by which they expect to increase their progress very materially. They are also erecting buildings near the mouth of the tunnel for four additional compressors. They will be run by steam. They have now 200 men at work at the east end, divided in three gangs, which work night and day continuously, resting only from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday. The central shaft is down about 700 feet, and is sunk at the rate of more than a foot a day. At the west end they have just got fairly at work, and they expect to make over 100 feet a month.

A ragged little damsel who viewed the awe-inspiring eclipse from the steps of the City Hall, seems to have been deeply impressed by the unwavering decision with which the moon asserted her feminine rights. "My!" she exclaimed, as the dark intruder pursued her undeviating way, "han't she gouged him awful!"

It is announced that, in consequence of the spurious issues of $10 greenback notes, Secretary Boutwell has concluded to have a new issue of all denominations of greenbacks, from $1 to the $1000 notes. The designs are entirely new, and no likeness of any living man will be placed on any note.

The *Cornhill Magazine* contains a long and entertaining article entitled "Friends in High Latitudes," which gives a very good idea of life in Greenland. Their language is curious; it appears to be composed of immensely long words. What would a hardware merchant think if an "intelligent foreigner," clad in fur, five feet four in height, and with very long black hair hanging over very fat and very dirty cheeks, were to come into his shop, and in a voice loud enough to be heard at the North Pole shout, as he threw sixpence on the counter, "*Savekenearreatoresooratlaromarouatetok!*" Yet this is done every day in 70° north latitude, and all this tremendous collection of letters strung together means only, "You must try and get me a good knife!" This is really several words; but it is in vain that you ask any native to separate them. White shirting is known to the Greenlander as *satoralakayluluk*, while calico takes the fearful form of *illupainakpanmkuissilik;* a pocket-knife is known as *savitukussartulangisut;* and a large skin is called *ymoringnoakomirdloakako*.

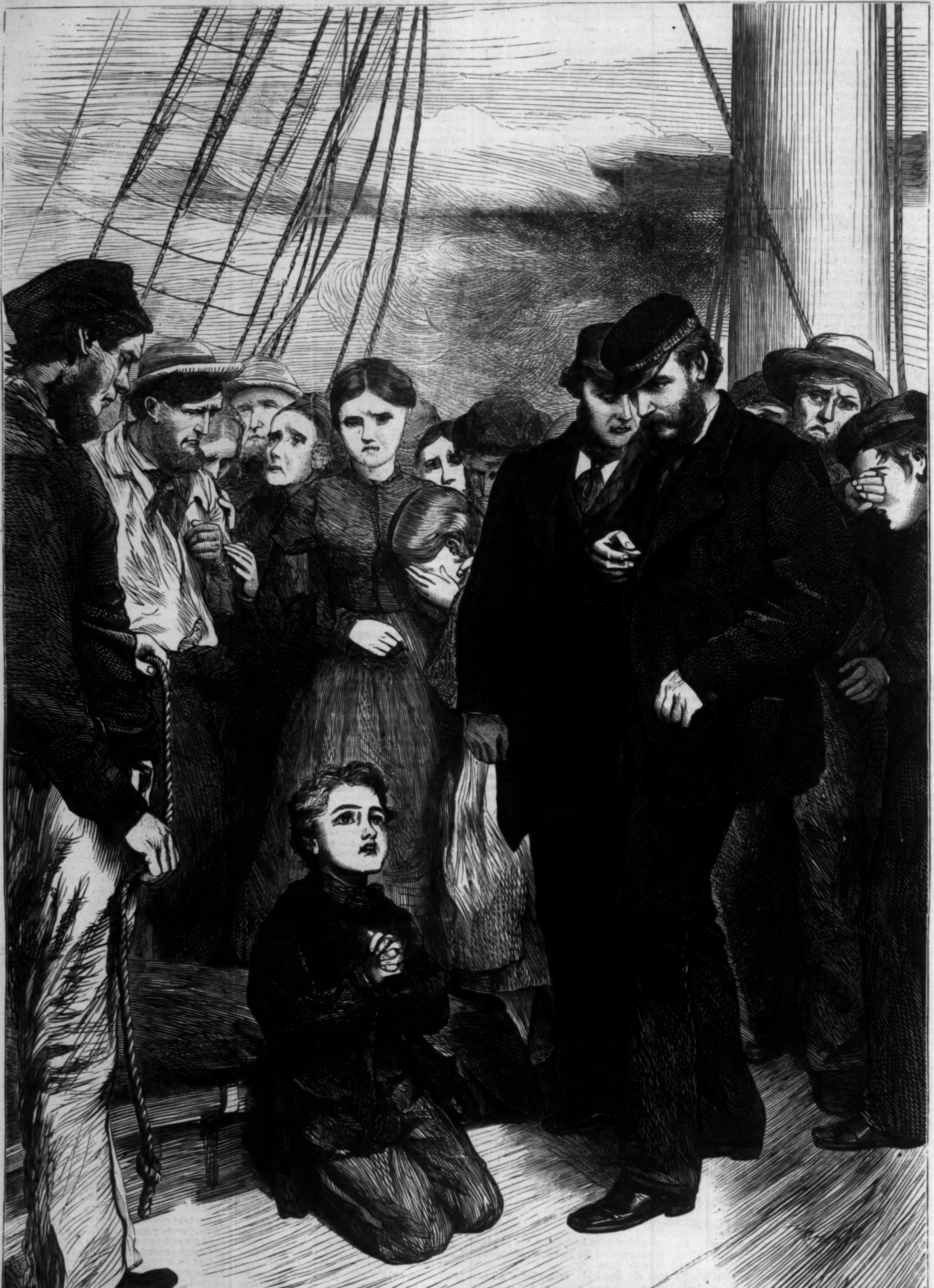
A new phase of medical practice has been developed at Jefferson, Wisconsin. A German physician, thinking an infant could not live, consulted the parents, and all agreeing that the sufferings of the child should be ended, he administered poison, which killed it.

The most remarkable "happy family" hails from Chicago, and consists of one wife, two husbands, and four children, all living quietly and contentedly in one small cottage! The woman has been married in legal form to both men; but it was only after the first husband was reported killed in battle that she married the second. The first husband returned after a long absence, but, unlike Enoch Arden, he failed to die of a broken heart when he found his wife the spouse of another. A council of war was held, and it was mutually agreed that they would all dwell together, both husbands continuing to be the "liege lords" of the woman on equal terms.

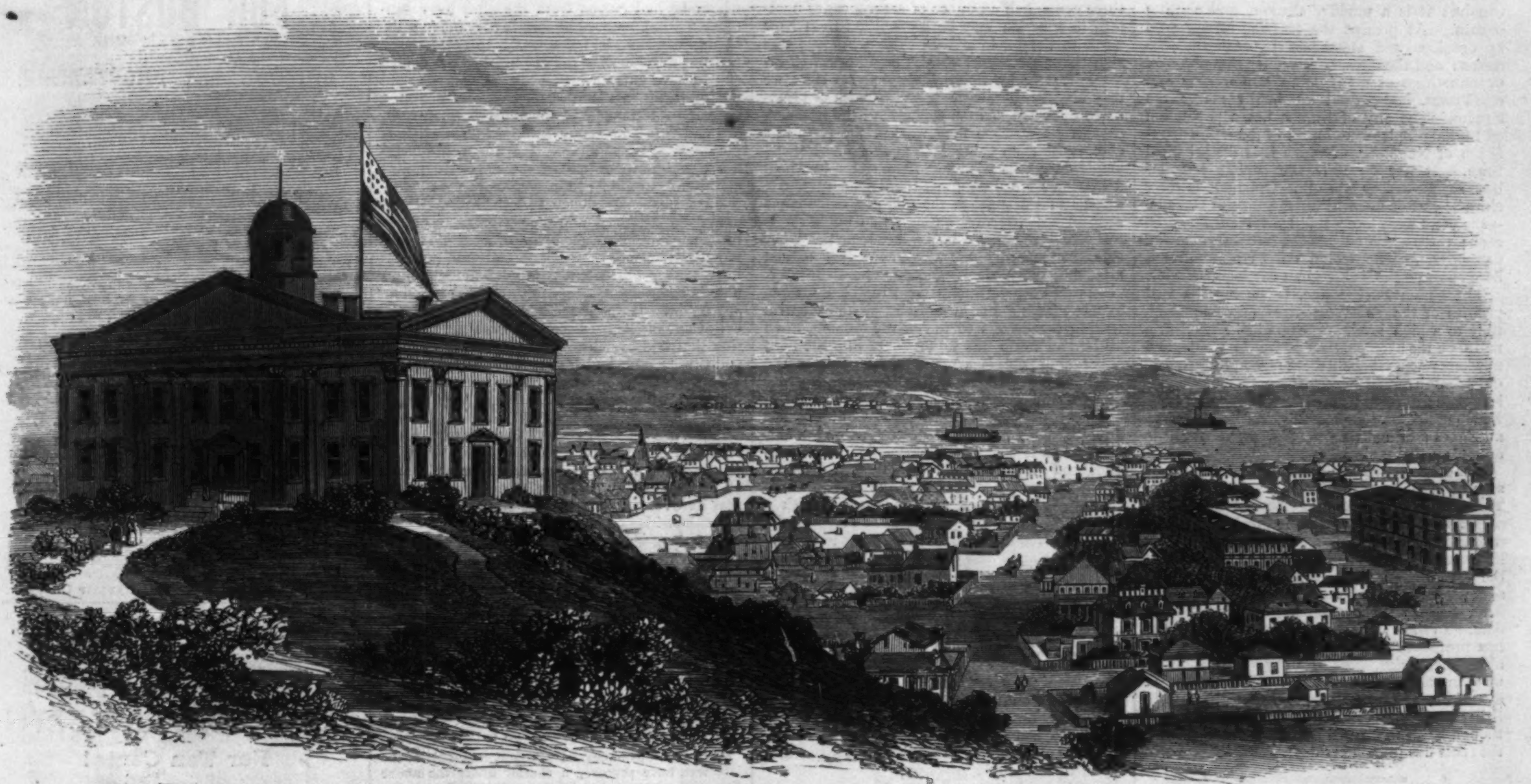
A lion, belonging to a menagerie in Madras, thrust its tail one day into the window of a tiger's cage, and the intruding member was severely injured. The lion became sick, and his keepers judged that his tail must be amputated to save his life. The operation was performed not many weeks ago, after his majesty had inhaled five ounces of chloroform. The surgeons entered his cage after he had fallen into a deep sleep and took off the diseased appendage. But so deep was the lethargy that his lungs had to be pumped into action by mortal aid before he could be aroused.

It has been computed that in the United States no less than seven pounds of coffee are annually consumed for each person; while in England the average for each person is one pound and one-eighth. In England tea is largely used as a breakfast beverage; and, moreover, adulteration is even more extensively practiced than in this country, although it is distressingly common among us. In the "old country" barley, beans, and peas, and sundry other counterfeits, are sold as coffee; and it is said that more than half of what is retailed as ground coffee never grew on a coffee plant.

Statistics show that the proportion of deaths among the infant population, as compared with the total number of deaths, is greater in New York than in any city in Great Britain, if it does not surpass that of any city in Christendom. Bad air, damp apartments, improper diet, and overcrowding, are the chief causes of this excessive mortality.



AN HEROIC BOY.—[See Page 557.]



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—OMAHA, NEBRASKA, THE EASTERN TERMINUS, AS SEEN FROM THE OLD CAPITOL.

AN HEROIC BOY.

A few weeks ago, on board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases.

When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going.

The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence.

Day by day he was questioned, and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midway watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side.

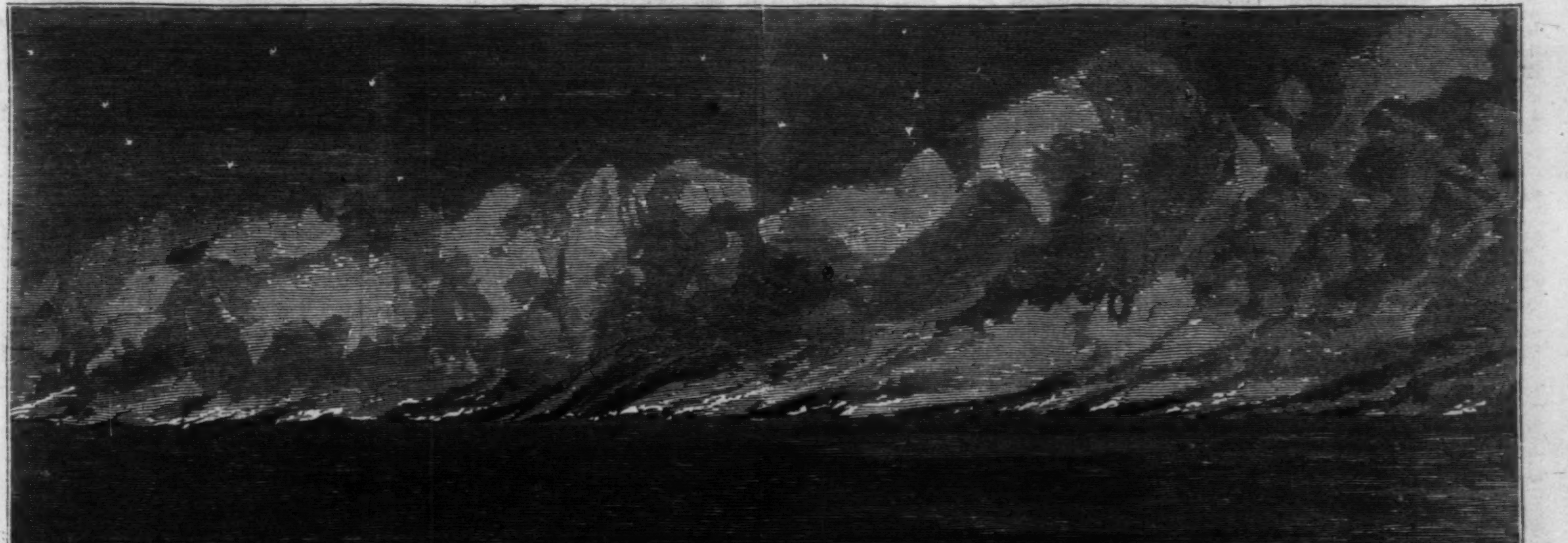
It was the finest sight, said our informant, that I ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow—this poor boy whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upturned to Heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

We give in this Number two illustrations of the Union Pacific Railroad. One of these is a view of Omaha, in Nebraska, the eastern terminus of the railway, situated on the Missouri River. The laying of the track was commenced from this place in 1865, and the first section, 100 miles in length, was finished within a twelvemonth. A great railway bridge across the Missouri at Omaha is now in process of construction, which will connect together the Chicago and Northwestern and the Union Pacific railroads. This bridge is to have twelve piers—eleven of them being iron of tubular construction, and the twelfth being of stone. The river at this point runs be-



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—A PRAIRIE ON FIRE IN NEBRASKA.

tween the two rival towns of Council Bluffs and Omaha: it is a muddy, shallow, and shifting stream. At present the traveler is conveyed by omnibus and steamboat between the two towns; and the steamboat carries the omnibus, or sometimes as many as a dozen wagons and omnibuses, horses and all, bodily across the stream. The city of Omaha has a population of 16,000 people—one-fourth of the entire population of Nebraska, of which it is the principal town. It was formerly the capital, but has been superseded by Lincoln. Omaha has twelve churches, at one of which—the Roman Catholic—the pews were lately sold by auction for $200 each; there are good schools, also a theatre and newspapers. The Union Pacific Railroad has here large machine-shops and carriage factories.

The Union Pacific line, traversing the vast prairies of the Far West, rises quite imperceptibly to a high level. The gradients not being more, on the average, than 30 feet in a mile, and nowhere steeper than 96 feet to the mile, throughout a length of 600 miles. It seems like a boundless plain; at first of grass, then of alkaline sand. Few buffaloes are now to be seen; but a herd of antelopes now and then, and plenty of the little animals called prairie-dogs.

Our other illustration shows a prairie on fire, as seen at night from the Union Pacific Railroad. The grass is almost annually burned off in some sections of the country. The lurid flames, the overhanging smoke, an occasional tree or settler's homestead standing up blackly against the night, the stars looking down calmly over all, make a scene not easily forgotten. A curious fact has been observed in connection with these prairie fires. In spots where the progress of settlement has prevented such conflagrations as the one above-mentioned, trees of many varieties spring up spontaneously, in what was before considered a treeless district. It appears that there were living roots of trees in the ground before; and, though burned off when shooting, the vitality of the roots has remained intact.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

A claim is made by one of the daily papers that some ten years ago British birds were first imported into this country for public purposes; and, furthermore, that to the Commissioners of the Central Park belongs the credit of their first importation.

Without at all desiring to withhold any merit which of right pertains to the aforesaid gentlemen, truth requires us to state that as early as 1846 Mr. Thomas Woodcock, President of the Natural History Society of Brooklyn, at his own expense, brought over in the spring of that year not only many English singing birds, which were freed on their arrival, but also some hundreds of eggs, which boys were hired to deposit in the nests of our own birds in Greenwood and around Brooklyn. It may also be stated that from this importation a colony of English Sky-larks was established at the Wallabout, the merry occupants of which survived two of our winters, as some of the inhabitants of that vicinity can now testify.

The Brooklyn *Advertiser*, a paper then edited by Mr. Lee, contained an allusion to the circumstance last related in the following poem, which was published in its columns in 1847. It is headed:

The Humble Appeal of a Colony of British Sky-larks to the Sportsmen of New York and Brooklyn. Sung at the Wallabout on the First of May, Ten Minutes before Sunrise.

Awake! 'Tis morning prime!
High on a broken cloud,
From an air-built crag his crimson flag
Our monarch's waving proud!
Then list to the cheering call,
Ascend the skies and sing;
His heralds we—with minstrel glee—
To usher in our King.

Chorus.

Mount, mount the azure heights,
Our carol is begun;
Hail to the dawn of rosy morn!
Hail to the Rising Sun!

Far from our native land,
O'er stormy ocean's roar,
We've brought no trump, but a peaceful pipe,
Which sounds no note of war.
Then list our carol blithe,
Nor seek to do us wrong;
In us you see—no enemy,
The Pioneers of Song.

If, in its infant state,
Our Colony you shield,
We'll peal our thanks in after-years
From many a fertile field.
Manhattan's maids shall hear
Our wildly-warbled strain,
Our tales of love, by dell and grove,
Shall cheer the Western swain.

Now, at his Eastern Gate
Our monarch's coursers prance,
We know his burnished chariot wheels,
We know his golden glance.
No flagging wings are ours,
Our voices clear and sweet;
And, soaring high from earth to sky,
'Tis thus our King we greet!

Chorus.

Mount, mount the azure heights,
Our carol is begun;
Hail to the dawn of rosy morn!
Hail to the Rising Sun!

LOVE-LETTERS.

A collection of the more remarkable precedents of love-letters, well chosen, would be both useful and interesting; and it would be not impertinent to examine how far the modern facilities of intercommunication may not have induced some deterioration in the style of amorous composition. Southey, *apropos* of the loves of Leonard Bacon and his cousin Margaret, observes that theirs were not times in which a sigh could be wafted across the country by mail-coach at the rate of eight miles an hour. What would he have said of these days, in which, for three cents, half an ounce of assurances of unalterable affection may be transmitted from New York to Boston in a few hours, or, indeed, the sigh (if under twenty words) may be wafted instantaneously by electric telegraph? Here we may observe that, in actions for breach of promise of marriage, written evidence of the promise, though its absence may weaken the plaintiff's case, is far from being a *sine qua non*. For example, in a case tried some years ago, in which a marine-store dealer was the defendant, and a damsel of Portsmouth the plaintiff, defendant's counsel insisting very strongly that not a single scrap of love-letter was produced on the other side, the learned judge warned the jury against attaching much significance to that deficiency, observing very pertinently that it was absurd to expect that the man would occupy himself with writing love-letters to the young woman, when all he had to do was to go round into the next street and put his arm round her waist. We must not forget to commemorate the ingenuity of a pair of poor lovers who managed to correspond *gratis* by a regular system of unpaid letters. The intelligence was conveyed on the *outside* of the letter by an ingenious cipher of ink-blots and variations in the address. After an attentive perusal of the cover the letter was invariably handed back to the postman, with a gentle murmur at the poverty which forbade the damsel to claim the right of opening it by paying the postage.

PAT'S INTRODUCTION TO KI-HI;

WID SAYRIOUS REFLICTIONS ON THAT SAME,

By The Mulligan of Bally Mulligan, Jun.

See Illustration on Page 560.

Shure, Sam, is this the naygur
They're blathering all about,
That's come from San Francisco
By the Pacific route?
Is this the ugly spalpeen,
Wid th' umberella hat,
That lives on spiders, dogs, and mice,
And ates his ould tom-cat?

Oh, wurrah! Biddy, darlint,
'Twill be all day wid you;
He'll swape the carpits, 'tind the beds,
And ate cockroaches too.
He cares for nothing but his tail,
Which he hangs on to stout;
The baste, he niver goes to Mass,
And needs no Sundays out.

And, Mick, ye roystering omadhawn,
Ye'd best throw by the pick;
D'ye twig this mollancolly chap?—
He'll make ye cut your stick.
And Dick the tailor, too, might well
Be scared to see the knave;
He'll cut poor Jim the cobbler's corns,
And thin the barber shave.

Thin, whin he looks upon the land,
'Twould make a gard'ner cry
To see the praties, at his call,
Rise in their majesty.
He bates Sam Slick the clock-maker,
And staps the miner's breath;
He's nate on ould tin pots and pans,
And on tobacky—death.

Oh, wurrah! for my father's son!
That e'er I've come to strife
Wid one who, just for frolic, puts
The divil in his pipe.
And, wurrah! for me childer dear,
And for my darlin' wife;
Wid naygurs black, and naygurs brown,
I'm harried out of life.

A HERETIC'S GRAVE IN SPAIN.

The Revolution is not a year old, yet it begins already to bear fruit in Spain. The devotees of monarchy cursed it for a barren tree, and priestly politicians foretold the speedy stretching of its withered boughs over a field of blood. But the prognostics of neither sycophants nor bigots have thus far come to pass. Without a Bourbon throne, the Spaniards retain their preference for a strong government in the hands of a single magistrate; and without palace miracles, the refusal of the rights of burial to Protestants, or the payment of the Papal Nuncio out of the Civil List, the nation still cherishes the traditions of its ancient faith. The mass of the community have not discarded feelings of reverence; they have only cast off the theory and the discipline of intolerance. In every cathedral the imposing ritual is still performed; and at eventide, from every church tower, is heard the vesper bell. Some of the hoarded treasures of the sacristy have been sold that the price may be given to the poor, or that the state may pay its pressing debts; but there has been no hunting down of priests, no desecration of shrines. Bishops and canons have been returned by popular election to the Constituent Cortes, and there patiently heard in advocacy of their special theories of government and law; but the humble heretic is no longer denied a Christian grave, and the mourning relatives, instead of by night stealing away the body, bear it undisturbed to the public cemetery without disguise or fear. It is but yesterday that the influence of the English Minister at Madrid was invoked to obtain the concession of a burial-place for certain Protestants long domiciled in Spain, and against whom there was no other imputation than their contraband creed. Now all is changed; creeds are no longer contraband. There still are bigots every where who would, if they could, put out the true light of the world, and offer men instead their horn-lantern of orthodoxy. Father Boland had to pay recently £200 damages in an action brought at the Wicklow Assizes by a national schoolmaster whom he had cursed from the altar for contumacy, and announced as certain to come to grief in this world and in the world to come. We can not wonder that the Archbishop of Toledo should have entered his protest against the public interment, at Madrid recently, of a young lady of Protestant family and faith. M. Rivero, the new Minister of the Interior, acknowledged the unchristian communication with polite formality, and gave orders to the police to guard against any attempt at molestation of the mourners assembled round the Heretic Grave. Freedom from interruption in the performance of this most sacred rite by members of a religious minority was a fact of social, moral, and political importance, which the new government could not, and would not, suffer to be overshadowed by any doubt. It was the visible and tangible symbol of one of the great principles of the Revolution that had overthrown absolutism in Church and State; and, had it been necessary, the new government was prepared at any hazard to vindicate it. Their precautions were superfluous, for no attempt was made. The populace of Madrid are no longer what they were. Railroads, telegraphs, and a cheap press have Europeanized them. They may not have outgrown all prejudices and passions; where are the mobs that have? But in Spain the odious and debasing animosities on account of religion, of which their fathers were the dupes and tools, no longer exercise dominion over them. The dust from the human cinder heap of the Quemadaro still daily seems to them to rise to heaven, making the most ignorant and frivolous loiterer in the Puerto del Sol ashamed of the recollections of national bigotry in times gone by.

ARTIFICIAL LIMB MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

A number of one-legged veterans, remnants of the late war, have procured a charter under the above title, and are located at 503 Penn St., Pittsburgh, Pa. They make the "Adjustable Lacing Socket" Leg (patented), which is an ingenious contrivance of a number of plies or layers of leather, so crimped over a Plaster-of-Paris cast of the stump that it is adjusted by a lacer, and *always* conforms exactly to the shape of the injured member. These legs are very highly praised by all who have worn them, for their great comfort and durability. As each shareholder wears the leg, they are certainly most competent to produce what is required; and we would advise any one needing the article to write to this company for a circular.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have had my Wheeler & Wilson Machine almost eight years, and have never ceased blessing the lucky chance that brought it to me. Not one cent has it cost for repairs, and I have broken but one needle in five and a half years. The same needle has gone through "thick and thin;" for since I learned that it would answer to use fine thread or silk for every thing, I never change my needle, but use the same one to sew thick cloth of many folds that I use for hemming pocket-handkerchiefs. Mrs. R. S. Brown.

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Dyspepsia Tablets cure Indigestion, Heartburn, and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. Welling, 571 Broadway.

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A pint of Pain Paint for $5, a quart for $8, or a gallon for $20, double strength, with full directions, will be sent to any person, free of Express charges, on receipt of the money at Dr. R. L. Wolcott's Office, 181 Chatham Square, New York; or 6 pint bottles of Annihilator, for Catarrh and Colds in the head, on receipt of $6. Small bottles sold at all Druggists.

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Fruit, Ornamental and Nursery Stock, immense and reliable assortment, very low for cash.

Apples—including most magnificent stock of yearlings; also hardy Northern sorts, such as Duchess, Oldenburg, Hislop, Transcendent, and other Crab Apples—1, 2, and 3 year.

Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Quinces, Grapes, Forest and Evergreen Trees, Nursery Stocks, Osage Orange Hedge Plants, Roses, own roots; *Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Iris, Squills, Lilies, Speciosum, Auratum, &c.* Also superior colored plates of Fruits and Flowers. Send 10 cents for Catalogues.

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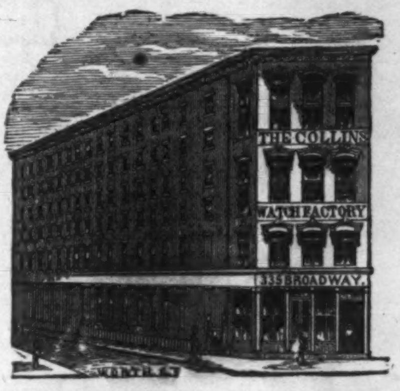

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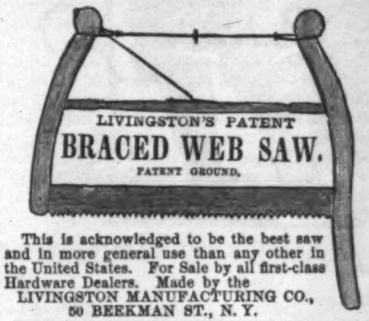
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